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Pressure on Mr. Micawber

To the champions of orthodox finance, Mr. Churchill's victory last October seemed a promise that Britain intended to mend its economic ways. Despite the ambiguities of the Tory election programme, they were convinced that the near-bankrupt would now reform, give up the luxuries of the Welfare State, and begin to tread the classical "bankers" road towards stability. The hard-headed men have been disappointed. Though Clement Micawber has been evicted from Downing Street, the new tenant seems to be a relative, with a similar distaste for harsh remedies.

Winston Micawber's creditors have given him ten months' grace. But there are signs that their patience is running out, that they want more than verbal assurances, and that the test of British good intentions is to be effective progress towards a "free pound." It is useless, the argument runs, for Britain to seek a solution of its recurrent balance of payments problem by juggling with exchange controls, import quotas and bilateral agreements. These are mere expedients, which serve to conceal the real cause of the crisis, which is that Britain is living beyond its means. If sterling were freely convertible, British living standards would find their proper level, and British workers and producers would have to accept wages and prices that were truly competitive. In other words, the time has come to put Britain "through the wringer."

This has been done twice before. It was done by Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill after the first world war, by a premature return to the Gold Standard and a deliberate offensive against wages, and it was done by the MacDonald Coalition in 1931, at the behest of the American bankers, when the economy programme was made the price of supporting the pound. In both cases the results were disastrous. To-day, sterling convertibility is being linked to discussions of another dollar loan. Though the latest Treasury Bulletin holds an optimistic prospect of an overall balance of payments by the end of the year, there can be no doubt that any attempt to "set the pound free" would be catastrophic unless it were backed by an American guarantee. But there is no chance of any new dollar loan or "stabilisation fund" until Britain undertakes to accept the terms on which it would depend—a policy of hard money and wage cuts.

This is the issue which will dominate the forthcoming Commonwealth Conference, paraded by the Prime Minister as a friendly "get-together" of members of the "Sterling Club," whose solidarity would do for the pound what Mr. Butler's "retrenchment without tears" had failed to achieve. At the least, Mr. Churchill clearly hoped that something would come out of it that would enable him to stall a little longer. But reports from Ottawa make it clear that the Canadians—and in this they seem to echo the voice of the U.S. Treasury—are not simply interested in the trading relations between the Commonwealth and the rest of the world. They consider that Britain's domestic policies are the real obstacle to "liberal" trade between the sterling and dollar areas. For this reason they agree with the Americans that the "water" should be squeezed out of the British economy. If this issue reaches the final agenda, Mr. Churchill may find that, since he rejects Socialist planning, a conference which was intended to postpone unpopular decisions may in fact be an occasion when he is forced to make them. For Socialists, the challenge is to formulate more constructive remedies for the emergency.

Eisenhower the "Liberator"

General Eisenhower's address to the American Legion will strike a chill in the hearts of those who will have to fight in his "liberating crusade." He has gone further than any responsible statesman in the West in pledging that "the peoples of the enslaved lands" shall be able "to choose their own paths into the future". The "massive potential" of the United States must be used to turn "the tidal mud of Communism," for America can "never recognise the slightest permanence in Russia's position in Eastern Europe and Asia." The General, indeed, was even more specific. He listed the "captive" peoples of the Far East—China and Tibet, Outer Mongolia and the Viet-Minh, North Korea and, in his phrase, "the northern

island of Japan." This astonishing reference to Sakhalin, taken from Russia by Japan in 1905, and returned under the Peace Treaty drafted by Mr. Foster Dulles last year, merely caps the wild and irresponsible foreign policy to which General Eisenhower has now apparently committed himself. He no longer seeks mere "containment" of Communism. America's destiny, under Eisenhower and a Republican Congress, is to be a vast programme of "liberation," or should we say war? Are we to assume that A-bases in Britain are to be part of a campaign to "free" Tibet? If that is to be American policy, then General Eisenhower had best draw plans for refugee camps in the Middle West to accommodate Britain's population.

Facing Both Ways

This dangerous declaration of policy can, perhaps, be explained by General Eisenhower's need to win votes in the big cities of the North, where the electorate contains many Catholics and immigrant communities with ties to Eastern Europe. But this excuse does not condone such bellicose adventurism. If it is mere electioneering, it is mischief of the worst kind. If it is meant seriously, then neither the Americans, nor, still less, the peoples of Europe, can view an Eisenhower victory without alarm.

While Eisenhower has lashed out on foreign policy, in an effort to give his campaign a distinctive flavour, he has already begun to flounder on the domestic front. The private discussions at his Denver headquarters have apparently made him despair of any conciliation on domestic policy with the Taft wing of the party, and he has gone quite as far as Governor Dewey ever did in accepting the social welfare policies of the two Democratic decades as an accomplished fact. He may talk of the "middle way," but to many Republicans the noise sounds like "Me-too."

The Music Goes Round

In their rejoinder to the last Allied Note to Germany, the Russians take one step forwards and two strides backwards. Proposing that a Four-Power conference be held "in any case not later than October," they agree to the setting up of a Commission to "verify" the existence of conditions in Germany for the holding of free all-German elections. But the Commission, they argue, should consist of Germans—an international Commission would be "insulting" to Germany—and its tasks should include also the verification of how far "Potsdam decisions" have been carried out either in Eastern or Western Germany. This was hardly what the Western Allies had in mind. Furthermore, Moscow insists that the Commission should figure as the third item on the agenda—precedence being given to (a) preparation of a peace treaty, and (b) formation of an all-German Government. That is to say, there is now a flat contradiction between the Western thesis that free elections are a condition precedent to the unification of Germany and the new contention from Moscow that such elections must await the establishment of the Government of a united Germany. In short, "the music goes round and round": the Russian Note is clearly intended to do what it can to increase reluctance in the Bonn Bundestag to burn all the bridges by ratifying the Contractual Agreements with the West; but its specific proposals suggest—as did Marshal Stalin's recent observations to Signor Nenni—that the U.S.S.R., having lost hope of stopping (though it may still delay) the rearmament of Western Germany, is no longer very interested in securing any agreement on German unification. The Russian points are in themselves arguable, but it is difficult to believe that they would be raised in this form if the U.S.S.R. were ready to make concessions—any more ready than the West is to abandon German rearmament.

After Schumacher's Death

By the death of Dr. Schumacher, Western Germany has lost a remarkable and contradictory figure. A sincere Socialist, indomitable in his personal courage against extreme physical suffering, he was an uncompromising "nationalist" in the sense that he fought fanatically for the unification of the Reich and the restoration of its lost territories, yet rejected absolutely the conception of making Germany dependent on Western aid, contributing to Western Defence, or taking, while still under Allied tutelage, any step calculated to crystallise partition. He regarded Dr. Adenauer as a "traitor" for having signed the Bonn Agreement; and, had he lived, he would have done his utmost to block its ratification by the Bundestag this autumn. Now that he has gone, the policy of the Social Democratic Party will be reviewed at its annual conference at Dortmund next month. On the whole, it seems unlikely that the Party leadership will take such a stiff line against the "Western attachment" as Schumacher did, although they will doubtless see in an unpopular Conscription Bill a useful tactical weapon in their campaign to oust Dr. Adenauer from power. This, at least, seems to be the calculation of the Ruhr industrialists, who are now reported to be busy "reactivating" their armament plant and canvassing eagerly for orders to supply, not so much in the first instance the revived Wehrmacht (whose initial requirements will be mainly barracks) but the other national contingents of the European Defence Community.

Pumps for Persian Oil?

In inviting the chairman of Cities Service to visit Persia, Dr. Mossadeq was no doubt influenced by Mr. Alton Jones' success in the pre-war Mexican oil dispute. When Mexico nationalised foreign oil properties, and was subjected to an oil "blockade" similar to that now experienced by Persia, it was Mr. Jones who stepped in and saved the day with financial and technical assistance. Since Cities Service is an "independent" operator, Dr. Mossadeq may well be thinking that Mr. Jones is the man to provide the pumps for Persian oil, and that, having previous experience of nationalisation, he will do it on terms that Persian nationalism can accept.

Both the British and U.S. Governments have been "informed" of Mr. Jones' mission. And though he does not claim any official status, it is possible that Washington and London may be prepared to let him go ahead if he can reach his own agreement with the Persians. It would be one way out of the impasse, as it would enable Persia to restart Abadan and secure the foreign currency that is badly needed to bolster the revenue and prop up a tottering economy. Indeed, if Dr. Mossadeq is in earnest about starting new talks with the British, he will be in a stronger position if he has some definite arrangement in view whereby Abadan could be run without British help. If it were running, or about to run, he would then have something definite to offer in the way of compensation. In the meantime, he has begun the promised division of public land, the genuine taxation of landlords, and the improvement of the share-croppers' lot. It is too soon to say how successful these measures will be. But it was probably a wise precaution to accompany these actions by a purge of several high army officers.

Public Ownership

The new Labour Party pamphlet on *Problems of Public Ownership*, by Mr. Ernest Davies, M.P., makes several pertinent and useful comments upon nationalisation techniques. It is certainly true that there has been a failure of public relations, and that the achievements and difficulties of these industries are too little understood. It is equally true that, under the Labour Government, Ministerial responsibility was never clearly defined and the scope of parliamentary inquiry was too limited. There is a proposal that, if more industries should be nationalised, a Cabinet Minister should be given general charge over them—though the experience of Mr. Churchill's "Overlords" should make Labour think very carefully about this device—and another for treating the public sector as a whole in price and wage policy, rather than as an agglomeration of industries with no more than State ownership in common.

But Mr. Davies says very little on the two aspects of this problem that will agitate most Labour discussion groups—the extent of future nationalisation and the status of the worker in nationalised industry. On the first, he clings cautiously to the vague phrases of the 1951 manifesto. An industry where monopoly is "unavoidable," or which fails to "meet national requirements or to serve the national interest" may be ripe for public ownership. In other cases, unspecified, "piecemeal acquisition" may be preferable. Mr. Davies, in short, carefully avoids any discussion of nationalisation as a matter of social power. So far as the thorny question of workers' control is concerned, Mr. Davies poses it rhetorically, and does not stay for an answer.

Aid to African Resisters

The continued arrests of "passive resisters" in South Africa, which we discuss in a leading article this week, have aroused widespread indignation and sympathy in this country. Two weeks ago, in a letter to this journal, the Reverend Michael Scott proposed that some practical assistance be given to the wives and families of those who have gone to gaol rather than "acquiesce any longer in the injustices and indignities" inflicted on them on racial grounds. We have received a number of letters from readers enclosing money in response to this appeal. Until some appropriate organisation has been formed to administer such funds, we are prepared to act as trustees of any money collected for this purpose. Cheques should be made payable to THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION.

WASHINGTON

Vendetta Victim?

A Correspondent writes: The strange case of Brigadier-General Thorpe seems like a parody of the loyalty purge. During the war, the General commanded the Counter Intelligence Corps in the Pacific, and was directly responsible to MacArthur. He retired two years ago, and intended this year to run for Congress in Rhode Island on the Republican ticket. He was backed unanimously by his party's State Committee, but two days after this decision was announced he found that agents of his old unit, the C.I.C., had arrived in Rhode Island and had begun to investigate him. He thereupon withdrew from the contest, and it must be little comfort to him to know that he has now been officially cleared.

The nominal reason for the investigation seems almost farcical. More than a year ago, General Thorpe made a speech at the annual fair of the Rhode Island Turkey and Poultry Growers' Association. Among other things, he said that the Nationalist Chinese were "corrupt," that the Japanese Peace Treaty unduly restricted the food-growing areas available to Japan, and that he was for free speech in the United States, so long as it was not subversive. A distorted version of these remarks appeared in the New York *Daily Worker*, and provided the *prima facie* excuse for the inquiry.

The real reason seems to be that someone was pursuing a vendetta against General Thorpe. At the time that Professor Owen Lattimore was being "investigated" by the Senate, General Thorpe had just retired. But he came forward to testify that, during the period that he commanded the Pacific section of the C.I.C., his unit had three times investigated Owen Lattimore and had each time been satisfied that he was loyal. That was all. But it seems to have been enough for the China Lobby to trump up some sort of case against General Thorpe. On investigation, the case did not stand up. But the tragic thing is that anyone should have thought it necessary.

CHILE

The Hand of Peron

Our Santiago Correspondent writes: A significant feature in the Presidential election campaign which ends on September 4 has been the overt intervention, by propaganda and smuggled "literature," of Argentina in favour of General Ibañez del Campo. Now 75, Ibañez, who lost the Presidency in 1931 after a period of dictatorial rule, is being supported by the Partido Socialista Popular, a group modelled on Peronista lines. The other candidates are Pedro Alfonso, the official "continuation" candidate, supported by the still powerful Radical Party; Arturo Matte, who represents Big Business; and Salvador Allende, who is the candidate of the Communists and the Socialists outside the Partido Popular. The outcome is difficult to forecast: there is a large floating vote of young people whose allegiance is indeterminate. Should Ibañez be elected, it would mean that Peron would have Chilean backing for his policies in addition to the support he already has from Peru and other northern Republics. It is significant that in the imported pro-Ibañez propaganda, the late President was bitterly attacked for the signing of the Mutual Security Pact with the U.S. and for "betraying" Chile by abandoning her copper resources to American capitalism. Presumably the policy of Ibañez would be to weaken or break the Chilean-American link and to nationalise the country's mining industry, whose products would be directed in future towards the Argentine.

Robinson *v.* The United Nations

THE judgment of the international tribunal in the case "Robinson *v.* The United Nations" is a serious indictment of the administration of that organisation and a grave reflection on Mr. Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General. It implies that he was guilty of himself flouting the Declaration of Human Rights to which the U.N. is solemnly pledged. In making its award of 6,990 dollars to a member of the U.N. staff who argued, without effective rebuttal, that his appointment was terminated because he was active as a member of the Staff Association, it has exposed a deplorable state of affairs.

Hugh Lukin Robinson is a young Canadian statistician, a population expert, who in January, 1950, resigned his position in the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at the pressing invitation of the United Nations. He was given a year's contract in the Population Division of the Department of Social Affairs. During his first year he became a Vice-Chairman of the Committee of the Staff Association, to which, by U.N. regulations, all members of the staff must belong. Before he joined the organisation, the Staff Association was already in conflict with the Secretary-General and the administration, notably over the decision to farm out the "custodial services" (*i.e.*, cleaners, porters, etc.) to a New York commercial concern, as well as over the conditions of employment of the temporary personnel which constitutes two-thirds of the staff of the organisation. The opposition of the Staff Committee on such domestic issues, which was entirely within their statutory right "to participate in the discussion of questions relating to appointments and promotions" and of consultation on "general questions relating to staff administration and welfare," coincided with the General Assembly of 1950, when Trygve Lie, in face of Soviet opposition, was seeking re-election to the post of Secretary-General. He openly accused the Staff Committee of disloyalty.

Following the Assembly, six members of the staff were (in the phrase of the tribunal) "separated" from the organisation. Three of them were members of the Staff Committee, which consisted of nine. They took their case to the Joint Appeals Board, an internal body.

Meanwhile Robinson's director, whose reports commended his competence, requested his appointment for another two years. The Secretary-General reduced this to one year and, in the case which he subsequently presented to the tribunal, adduced that this should have been "a warning to him that he was not likely to be retained permanently." Robinson had no doubt that the warning, in fact, meant that he should discontinue his Staff Association activities. Nevertheless, he intensified them and acted as the spokesman for the dismissed members before the Appeal Board. The case subsequently went to what is called the Administration Tribunal, an international court of appeal, where the dismissed members were represented by Mr. Telford Taylor, the U.S. Nuremberg trial lawyer, who won a notable victory on the legal points as to whether the Secretary-General had unlimited powers of dismissal of temporary staff and whether he should give reasons for their dismissal. On the merits of the individual cases, however, the dismissal of the three Committee members was confirmed, while the two non-Committee persons were reinstated (the sixth had been given a year's sickness compensation following an accident). Mr. Trygve Lie then quoted the Scandinavian saying "The Supreme Court is always right even when it is wrong" and proceeded to extract from the Assembly powers which the tribunal said he had not got.

In November of last year, Robinson was notified that his contract would not be renewed. He appealed. His case ultimately came before the Administration Tribunal which, for undisclosed reasons, met, not at U.N. Headquarters, New York, but in Geneva. One of the four members was Lord Crook, the veteran British trade union leader. Robinson was brilliantly represented by Mr. Paul J. Kern, who was Mayor La Guardia's Civil Service Commissioner.

The judgment is unequivocal. Mr. Trygve Lie, in face of the testimony of Robinson's superiors, claimed that the non-renewal of contract was entirely based on "considerations of suitability" but refused to give a reason. The Tribunal found: "That the failure to adduce a reason for non-renewal in this case is contrary to the applicant's right of association and entitles him to relief." The judgment refers to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights "which must prevail also inside the organisation's own secretariat." Robinson did not ask for reinstatement but for compensation for injury sustained. The tribunal awarded him 3,990 dollars, as salary due from the expiration of the contract till the tribunal's decision, and "in view of the high qualities possessed by the applicant and the shortage of persons of his knowledge and experience" awarded 2,000 dollars compensation and 1,000 dollars legal costs.

Meanwhile, the Secretary-General has succeeded in discouraging active opposition. In recent elections to the Staff Council, 10 out of the 45 constituent staff groups put forward no nominations and in only five groups was there any contest. And the dismissals proceed. Since April, twenty-five of the staff have been "separated." Appeals are likely to be made by about ten; the rest have officially "resigned," with compensation and the promise that no obstacles will be placed in their way in finding other jobs. All are American, and most of the dismissals have been due to the intervention of the F.B.I. Nowadays all appointments of U.S. nationals must have U.S. Government approval and be subject to "screening" (in spite of the specific provision that members of the U.N. staff shall be entitled to hold any political beliefs) and if the American authorities disapprove of any existing American members of the staff, Mr. Trygve Lie will exercise his summary powers. Two-thirds of the staff are American citizens and are thus subject to such U.S. security measures; but the "screenings" are not necessarily confined to U.S. nationals; Mr. Byron Price, the American Assistant Director-General in charge of U.N. administration, can get the necessary guidance as to the "suitability" even of the non-American members of the staff.

But that is not all. American nationals on the United Nations staff have been subpoenaed

by the McCarran Committee on Un-American Activities and by the Grand Jury of New York State investigating subversive activities. They have been examined as to their own associations and loyalty to the American Republic and they have been interrogated under oath and threat of perjury proceedings as to internal U.N. matters, including the authorship of anonymous U.N. reports of which certain Americans disapprove. This, in spite of the U.N. oath: "I solemnly undertake to exercise all the functions entrusted to me as a member of the staff of the organisation, to discharge these functions and regulate my conduct with its interests alone in view and not to seek or accept from any government or other authority external to the organisation any instructions in regard to my official duties." Non-American members of the U.N. staff have even been scurrilously slandered by McCarthy and others in public, without protest or protection from the Secretary-General, custodian of the Declaration of Human Rights.

Gandhi's Mantle

THE wheel set spinning by Mahatma Gandhi has come full circle. Forty-five years after Gandhi used Satyagraha to protect the interests of Indians in the Transvaal and Natal, passive resistance returns to South Africa. And it returns with a weight, prestige, and promise of effectiveness which cannot be ignored even by its most arrogant enemies among the Whites. Since the end of June this year, when the national organisations of the Africans, Coloureds, and Indians in the Union opened a joint campaign of non-violent resistance to racialist laws and regulations, over 3,000 non-Whites have gone to gaol for deliberately defying one or other of the many rules of racial segregation. The courts have awarded fines: many have refused to pay; steadily, the gaols are filling up; and the flood of volunteers shows little sign of abating. On the Government side there is talk of using the lash. But the movement goes on: even if it were checked now, it has already succeeded well enough to set an unforgettable example for the future.

Few or no incidents of violence have marred this campaign. That is a tribute to the leadership of the three non-White communities—a leadership which, in political terms, stretches from Right to Left and takes in almost every current of independent non-White opinion. So true is this, indeed, that the authorities have now found it necessary to arrest Dr. James Moroka, the moderate and "non-political" president of the African National Congress, whom they seized not at some political meeting or mass demonstration, but in his quiet surgery in the Orange Free State town of Thaba Nchu.

It might be thought that the Nationalists would take thought in good time, before this movement grows to overwhelming proportions or drives them into the fatal exasperation of using violence against non-violence. But there is no sign that the Nationalists are taking thought. That they are deeply embarrassed is clear from the threats of whipping which Swart, the Minister of Justice, is throwing about. But their general attitude is well enough shown by the words of the Johannesburg magistrate when sentencing non-White leaders to compulsory labour sentences of six months in the case of Dr. Dadoo, the Indian leader, and of four months in those of Mr. Kotane, Mr. Marks, and Mr. Bopape, three African leaders. Arguing the case under the so-called Suppression of Communism Act, the magistrate said: "It is common knowledge that one of the aims of Communism is to break down race barriers and strive for equal rights for all sections of the people, and to do so without any discrimination of race, colour, or creed." Since the Union of South Africa was "fertile ground" for such "Communist propaganda," there must be legislation to "suppress Communism." This legislation might make "a serious inroad on the liberty of the subject," but its object was clear. "It is to stop at the earliest possible stage the fomentation of a feeling of hostility between European and non-European." This is a good sample of the topsy-turvy nonsense which passes for logic in White South Africa. Having equated Communism with the struggle for equal rights—the struggle, that is, for racial harmony—the magistrate could then go on to say that legislation was needed in order to suppress Communism before it could foment racial hostility. The Nationalists, indeed, are incapable of seeing racial equality except in terms of a race war in which the Blacks would exterminate the Whites. Nor can it be denied that the harsher currents of Black nationalism which an extremist White nationalism has now set in motion may after all achieve this disaster.

If the Nationalists can think in terms of nothing better than bigger gaols and heavier sentences, the other great party of White South Africa, the United Party, remains in little better case. Its quiescence at this time is bad for South Africa and bad for itself. A minority in the United Party probably knows this; but the habits of the majority are long established and hard to move. The truth is that most members of the United Party feel themselves on the Nationalist side of this conflict rather than the non-White side. If there has to be a choice, they will choose the Nationalists; and they will choose the Nationalists in the stubborn if quite erroneous conviction that they are standing thus for civilisation. Preferring not to announce this choice at a time when they are locked in another kind of conflict with the Nationalists, the leaders of the United Party simply say nothing. Yet one of the central aims of the non-White leaders—and of all who wish well to South Africa—must nonetheless be to achieve some degree of common cause with the United Party in the fight against the Nationalists. For it is the Nationalists who are the immediate danger.

With or without the United Party, this campaign seems certain to go on. It began in the face of United Party opposition, and it has continued in the face of United Party indifference. And already two important points about it have become clear. The first is that the three non-White communities have proved their ability to work together under joint leadership; and the second is that this newly forged unity of action—overcoming marked communal hostilities in some parts of the Union—is strong enough to persist and grow stronger. Rather than withdrawing before threats of the lash and longer sentences of hard labour, rank-and-file volunteers from all three communities have continued to come forward in greater numbers. Thousands of non-Whites have seen the long tradition of quiescence under White supremacy smashed in their own personal experience: voluntarily they have suffered, and are suffering for their convictions, and they are not likely to forget it. What a few can do to-day, many can do tomorrow: the history of modern India has shown that this is a snowball which rolls, and rolls larger. Aiming at racial equality—and hence at racial harmony—it is a snowball which bears with it not only the memory of what is past, with its cruelty and waste, but also the hope of a different future, less poor and more peaceful, for the torn and miserable country which is South Africa to-day.

London Diary

LAST week Mr. Crossman quoted passages from the Forrestal diaries that seemed to show that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin agreed, without pressure from the United States, to accept U.S. A-Bomber bases on these islands. If Forrestal's account is accurate, it is no wonder that Mr. Churchill was shocked. A correspondent now sends me extracts from the *Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg* recently published in the United States. According to these extracts, Vandenberg was surprised to hear that Roosevelt had agreed "that the United States would not use the Atomic Bomb against any other country without the consent of the British" and told the Pentagon that this agreement was "astounding" and "unthinkable." Indeed, as Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he insisted that any intended revisions must be made "before final action on the Marshall Plan programme." Accordingly, in January, 1948, Britain and Canada were persuaded in Washington "to remove the restriction on the use of the bomb." As a result, "the final decision for the use of the bomb was left in the hands of the President as specified by American control legislation"—which is an odd commentary on the story that Marshall Aid carried no strings. Furthermore, the U.S. was assured "of more adequate ore supplies." This apparently refers to the facts revealed in this journal on August 9 in an article by Basil Davidson called "Federation, Ltd.," which described how the British Government sold a million and a half shares which it owned in Belgian Congo uranium to an American firm.

* * *

The problem of succession has been the ruin of many dictatorships. Stalin, now 73 years old, said to be in poor health, and to be taking less part in Government, is supposed to have arranged the first session since 1939 of the Communist Party Congress with the idea of preparing the way for his retirement. I haven't the slightest notion whether this interpretation is correct, but it makes sense. Presumably Stalin's successor as Secretary General of the Party will be Malenkov. But no one can "succeed Stalin" in all his functions, and Malenkov will have to work with Molotov and also with Beria, head of Security. So it is suggested that the Politbureau, with thirteen members, and the Orgbureau are to be merged into a larger Presidium where more colleagues

share power over policy. Again a perfectly good piece of guess-work. Finally, it is clear that the Soviet post-war reconstruction has gone ahead very fast: the standard of living is rising, and the Government has plenty to show. A meeting of the Congress, giving an opportunity of publicising the fine future prospects of the U.S.S.R., may reassure people who are bothered by rumours of war.

* * *

Few people have succeeded, as Albert Mansbridge did, in conceiving an idea, giving it birth, and living to see it become a national institution. In 1903 he founded the Workers' Educational Association in order to meet the passionate desire of working men for even a belated chance of learning about the history and economics of their own country, and about those mysteries of art and literature which had hitherto been the preserve of the upper classes. He was helped of course by many distinguished people like Bishop Gore, Archbishop Temple, R. H. Tawney, whose first W.E.A. class in Rochdale became famous, and G. D. H. Cole who, as far as I know, is the only W.E.A. tutor who ever persuaded his class to write a publishable book. The Universities on the whole played up well, and many young men and women with academic honours have served useful periods as W.E.A. lecturers. Mansbridge had in fact a brilliant and creative idea when he set about "bringing the Universities to the workers." One result has been that more, though still too few, workers have been to the Universities, and that the whole business of adult education has been reorganised in conjunction with University Extra-Mural Departments. I must add that to-day, to an increasing extent, those who go to W.E.A. classes are middle rather than working class people, and that the whole of adult education now suffers, partly from Government cuts, but more from the competition of the radio and television and all the other means of "mass communication" which tend to crowd out individual tuition and therefore creative education.

* * *

It happens that in the week of Mansbridge's death there also died a writer who looked at the same problem of the half-educated working man and sought to solve it by exactly the opposite method. Mansbridge accepted the fact of millions of workers, hungry for understanding, afraid of becoming mere cogs in the industrial machine, and offered them a part-time education. H. J. Massingham, a son of the great Editor of the *Nation*, did not believe in the educational solution. His idea was to restore what he regarded as the natural basis of society, the primitive relation of man to the soil. Like many others who have preached "back to nature," Massingham also thought that it meant "back to God." He was fascinating when he wrote of Downland man and discussed prehistoric ways of life. He was also an excellent writer on nature and the countryside. But his search for a Golden Age led him to the usual absurdities. If we are unwise enough to be perfectionists of any kind, it is surely better to believe and work for Utopia in the future than to pretend that man may still return to a mythical Garden of Eden. We may be sick of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but it is no use pretending we haven't eaten it.

Thirty-two lucky people, some Communists, some fellow-travellers, others sympathetic persons, have left by plane for Peking, through Prague and Moscow. The opportunity is too good to miss and they will be able, we may be sure, to tell us on their return about the feeling of liberation among common people now that the Kuomintang has gone, about an administrative honesty and efficiency never before known in China and about the great constructive work that is proceeding in industry and agriculture. But I hope they won't stop there. They must tell us what the Chinese say about the million and a half "enemies of the people" who, it is apparently admitted, have been executed since the revolution. Were these executions really necessary? Would it not have done to disarm obstinate followers of Chiang? They must also tell us whether it is true that children are being encouraged to inform on their parents; what Chinese people say, when English guests explain (as presumably they do) that people over here are not really starving, and that we have, contrary to Communist propaganda, some quite good social services. I should also like to know what their hosts say when peace-loving visitors tell them that indiscriminate charges of warmongering are not really a help to peace.

* * *

I was intrigued to learn that Alistair Cooke spent some minutes of his American commentary making fun of my not very important remark that "in New York, where it is correct to go about without a jacket in the summer, you should wear a straw hat up to, but not after, a fixed date." He held that it was never "correct," only "common" to go about without a coat! No doubt the correctness depends on the circles in which you move; my point was that thousands of New Yorkers *do* go about without jackets in the summer. Then he said I must have had my leg pulled since no one would go about without a jacket wearing a straw hat! That, I agree, would be an odd suggestion, but I didn't make it; if I had said that Cooke wore pyjamas and an overcoat, it would not have occurred to me to explain that he didn't wear them together.

* * *

I enjoyed Max Beerbohm's 80th birthday tribute on the air because Gordon Craig was interesting, and Compton Mackenzie was worth listening to as the most accomplished virtuoso on the British microphone. I also enjoyed the broadcast because I appreciate the delicacy of Max's wit and the perfection of his craftsmanship as artist and writer. But why, members of the younger generation ask, are the tributes to Max always so especially warm, so fulsome, and yet so sincere? Is it just that the people who hum and haw when they are asked to praise the Socialist G. B. S., for instance, have no inhibitions about flattering the non-controversial, that is, the Conservative, Max? Yes, but that is not all. It is, I think, because Max is the very symbol of the last period when life was fun. To people of my age who were not adult before the first World War, Max is someone we know about but just missed. The older men find in him more than any other living person a nostalgic memory of past delight. They can always remember some fresh story of him. One friend asks me whether Max could not be persuaded to publish to-day a parody that did not appear in the *Christmas Garland*, but was cherished by Sir James Barrie. He recalls it as an essay on the "Honours List," written in the style of Henry James, describing King Edward VII sitting with his private secretary, brooding over a very mixed list of names of personages whom he was soon to be delighted to honour. As the King sits with his pencil poised to scratch out a particularly odious name, but shakes his head and refrains, the secretary realises that "on the great grey beaches of the renunciational, he was not, unmistakably not, the only pebble." CRITIC

THE HARD CORE

Must we remember derelict D.P.s,
For ever of their miseries complaining,
Dismal, neurotic, riddled with disease,
The ragged, wretched remnant still remaining?
To these incorrigible refugees
It does not seem the slightest use explaining
That nothing more whatever can be done,
The world will give them no asylum—none.

All have been indexed, ticketed, inspected,
Interrogated, vetted, classified;
The fit for emigration were selected,
The sickly and infirm were set aside,
And those who for good reason were rejected
Must know that long ago they should have died.
They have no hopes, no calling and no State,
For these, the living dead, death comes too late.

They have enjoyed, and are enjoying yet
The minimum of shelter and subsistence,
But still they seem unable to forget
Dreams of a more congenial existence.
The world was not unmindful of its debt
To martyrs of the underground Resistance,
This sacred obligation has been paid—
Their welcome the survivors have outstayed.

The flood of aid, besides, has been arrested,
And welfare planning furthers long-term ends
Full-scale assistance projects must be tested,
Communities must show constructive trends;
Benevolence is nowadays invested,
But human wreckage pays no dividends.
The world is winding up the last world war,
And displaced persons have become a bore.

We must adopt a realistic view,
Indifference betrays no want of feeling;
The many are disposed of, but the few
With injuries past cure, and wounds past healing
The broken and abandoned residue,
Are vainly to humanity appealing.
No prayer, no anguish, no despair, no plea
Softens the hard core of philanthropy.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"If a butcher finds he does not need all the meat allocated to him, he can always ask us to reduce his allocation. So far we have not heard of any such applications," a Food Ministry official said to-day. —*Evening Standard.* (S. C. Shuttleworth.)

The driver said his name was John Brown, of Ebury Street, Pimlico, and a passenger said she was Mrs. Snitchcock Snuzzelby, of the same address. Both names and the addresses were false. —News Item, *Evening Standard.* (F. Krusin.)

People who find it necessary to vomit whilst in a railway carriage should discreetly use their hats; this would come naturally to anyone properly brought up.—Letter to *Picture Post.* (Virginia Paul.)

Soldiers of the Queen

I. The Sour Fruits of Lisbon

In recent years, millions of words have been spoken and written on the issue of how big our armed forces should be. Curiously little attention has been devoted to the question: how good is the Army? (Or the other Services? But these articles deal only with the Army). I shall take it to be agreed, save among absolute pacifists, that there must *be* an Army, and that it ought to be as efficient as possible, if only to give the taxpayers value for money.

An observer who spends ten days in looking at Army units, both training and active, as I have just done, is bound to give this much praise: it is surprising how good the Army is, considering the difficulties under which it labours, and most of these are not of the Army's making. But this is far from saying that all is well. Let me try to portray the present aspect of Catterick Camp, the great training centre in Yorkshire. At first sight, it looks more like peacetime than when I trained there ten years ago. It is pleasant to see women shopping in the half-civilian street near Camp Centre, or to get into the cinema or catch the Richmond bus without shuffling for an hour in a vast khaki queue. But pass the guardroom of one of the six swollen training regiments, and 1942 is here again. There is the same hurry and bustle, the jobs half done for lack of time, the men grumbling that their individual problems are ignored and the officers complaining of the excessive demands of Whitehall; and—surest echo of those months when the desert victory was uncertain and Normandy already throwing its shadow—there is the impatient monster of The Front. To-day it is Korea, Malaya, Egypt; to-morrow Sarawak or heaven knows where; on a day which the Army does not want to see any more than you or I, it may be Europe.

"Get stuck into this!" cries the sergeant, "you've got forty-five minutes to learn it, we can't go over it again, and if you don't know it when you get to Korea it'll be just too bad." A recruit asks a question which interests him; the lance-corporal acting as instructor replies brusquely "Never mind about that," because he has been told that, if he answers questions outside the syllabus, he won't complete the programme; and besides, he has only been in the Army three months longer than the squad and isn't sure of the answer. The Colonel ponders the case of Sergeant X, who has failed to control his men and ought properly to be reduced to corporal; but what can you expect of a lad not two years in uniform, and where is another sergeant to come from? And there are the good old Army muddles, engendering cynicism and frustration because there is no time to explain them, and resulting in general from overwork. A company has come five miles to be paid because its documents were not sent to the new barracks, so another company is paid late and misses a training period, to cite one of four little mishaps which I happened to witness inside a week. There is not a breath of the old days when recruits took a week just learning to slope arms. The old Regular Army had its faults, and its doctrine of war proved antiquated when it met the blitzkrieg; but it was superbly trained and absolutely efficient according to its lights.

The Gloucesters, nine months back from Korea, are in camp at Warminster. This is no training unit, but the bustle is if anything more intense; for, with the constant turnover of national servicemen, every battalion is more or less a training unit, and carries on its normal or abnormal duties as well. The Gloucesters, after being reduced to a handful of survivors on the Imjin River, built their reinforcement draft into an efficient team. Now, the running out of national service time and short regular engagements is leaving them less than half of these reinforcements. The work starts again with youngsters whose only training has been four weeks at the depot, where, before 1939, recruits spent six months. The battalion has no time to teach these men to shoot and soldier as well as it could wish, because it is the demonstration battalion at the School of Infantry, and two or three times a week it must go through some manœuvre for student-spectators from other units. And, though the Gloucesters have a promise of two years at home "if possible," they know that at any moment trouble in Honduras or Iraq may demand the presence, either of the battalion, or of its ten best sergeants to stiffen some greener unit.

The colonel summed it up for me. "We are trying," he said, "to run a wartime army in what the public, including our recruits, thinks is peacetime." The task is, in fact, even harder than that. The Army of 1939-45 had two great advantages. Its conscripts were in for the duration; and it was reinforced by skilled or gifted men from civilian life—mechanics who needed no training to fit into a REME workshop or a bridge-building company, and capable organisers from business or the professions who took naturally to command or staff work. True, the "cold war" Army finds its young conscripts more malleable than the husbands and fathers who were wrenched from their private worlds in the later call-ups of World War II; but that is small consolation for the fact that they leave after two years.

The result of all this, as one regular officer expressed it to me, is that the most efficient unit can never feel confident of its ability to pass the supreme tests save for the few months just before a draft is due to go home. Those concerned with this problem are casting about for solutions; some wonder, for example, whether it would not be better to divide the Army into wholly regular and (in the lower ranks) wholly conscript battalions like the old French Army, instead of, at present, allowing all units except the Guards to consist of roughly one-third regulars and two-thirds national servicemen. But such schemes, of course, do not go to the root of the matter, which lies beyond the influence of the Army. As a result of the Lisbon Conference early this year, and the unrealistic decisions forced on it by the Americans, the British Army found itself obliged to raise two new armoured divisions for service in Germany. Thirty thousand men cannot be produced out of thin air. They were found partly by pruning administrative establishments, which may have done more good than harm, but mainly by drastically cutting the number of instructors. This in turn meant a reduction of up to one-third in the length of courses at the training centres. Some corps were unaffected; the Armoured Corps was hit hard.

Now, anyone who has been in a tank in battle and knows the instant surety of response, the absolute trust of each crew member in the others, which make the difference between life and death, will grasp the seriousness of this decision. Of the tank drivers, gunners, and signallers trained at Catterick, a sizeable minority goes abroad with the letters NFQ—"not fully qualified"—against their names. And this applies only to their special jobs, and does not begin to meet the further demand, highly desirable in a tank crew, that each man should be able to do the other men's work in case of casualties. I was assured that the regiments serving in Germany train their recruits hard, and that within a few months all but the most stupid become qualified. I believe this is generally true, although it has become more difficult since Lisbon, because regiments which maintained a special instructional squadron have had to merge it into the other squadrons, and six months of the year is spent on intensive manœuvres. The point, however, is this: if a sudden outbreak of war should by bad luck coincide with the arrival of large drafts fresh from Catterick and fourteen weeks removed from civilian life, a number of young men would go into battle with those letters NFQ still against their names.

The decisions of Lisbon have been proved inimical to the building of a trustworthy and well-trained Army. Small wonder that the tone of discussion among experienced officers, despite their Conservative political views, approaches a kind of professional Bevanism. I feel they can only be helped by a public ventilation of their difficulties.

Mervyn Jones

Films and Dollars

Before the end of September, the American motion picture industry will know how much of its British earnings it can continue to extract in dollars. To the Americans the matter is important. *Variety* has estimated that "remittances from Britain for the year ending September 30 will probably be considerably larger than the total net profit from world-wide operations of the ten top companies for a 12-month period. British remittances will account for about twenty per cent. of the approximately $125 million expected from the entire foreign market." For television has not yet wooed away British audiences so much as it has American.

In January, Mr. Butler stated that our current rate of expenditure on American films is £9 million a year. The annual earnings of American films in the U.K. total £14 million. The frozen balance of £5 million can, by the Anglo-U.S. Film Agreement, be spent in 33 ways, including, of course, the making of American films here. When the Agreement was signed in 1948, American companies were permitted to remit $17 million per annum, at that time a quarter of their earnings. But a revision of the Agreement in 1950 added to this figure any monies due to American companies from the Eady Producers Fund for their British-made films, plus one-third of the sums invested in such films, making a new remittable total of about $26 million—the £9 million referred to by Mr. Butler. Another trade-journalist in New York, however, remarks: "American films expect to earn 40-42 million dollars in the British market during the year . . . leaving no major company with unused frozen assets". Add, too, the revenue from the sale of the U.S. companies' British-made films in world markets.

It is true that this activity provides casual employment for British actors, technicians and operatives, and that studio overheads are maintained. But the films are scarcely "British". Can anyone accept *Ivanhoe*, *Robin Hood*, *Captain Hornblower*, *The Mudlark* or *Treasure Island* as anything but Hollywood interpretations of British stories? Because *Quo Vadis?* was filmed in Italy, does anyone regard it as an Italian film? National character and feeling in a film are due to its creative originality and way of thinking, qualities that come primarily from the producer, director

and script-writer, who for these films are mainly brought from Hollywood. The movies qualify for the quota, and for Eady Fund bonuses, since eighty per cent. of the labour costs are paid to British subjects. But these British employees are not the people who creatively shape the film. A proviso should be made in future that at least the director and/or scriptwriter should be British, preferably both, and that only one American star is imported. As it is, these expensive films are marketed across the world as American presentations.

Whatever new settlement is reached between U.S. film interests and the Board of Trade, it is inseparable from our film production problems. Every additional British feature film that can be made and screened means one less from Hollywood. Though this should have given a strong incentive to British production, the reverse has so far been true. For all the £6 million of public money loaned for production by the National Film Finance Corporation, and the return to producers of £3 million from the Eady Fund, the number of British feature films produced in the past three years has dropped from 81 to 64 a year. In five years, employment of film-makers (excluding artistes and musicians) has decreased from over 7,700 in 1948 to around 3,700 in 1952. Only about half of our production facilities are fully employed.

At the same time, 771 of Britain's cinemas did not meet their feature quota obligations in 1950-51. It is said that the big circuits tend to regard the thirty per cent. quota as a maximum, not a minimum figure of British films to show. British exhibitors in general favour a large import of American films because, as the General Secretary of the Cinematograph Exhibitors Association wrote to *The Times* in January, "Exhibitors usually pay a higher rental for British films that for American films". The American industry can afford to do this; save for the top budget films, its production costs are largely recoverable in the U.S. market. Yet, as Sir Michael Balcon said recently, "the work of British producers comes much nearer to satisfying the tastes of British audiences than that of their American counterparts". Independent British exhibitors obviously like to have a large number of American films available so that they can play off one renter against another, while the big circuits presumably have obligations to the big Hollywood companies—A.B.C. with Warner Bros. and M.G.M., for instance, and Rank with 20th Century-Fox and Universal-International.

Yet though we must somehow stimulate British production, we must not repeat, in the Johnston-Thorneycroft talks, the grave mistake of 1947, when a customs duty of seventy-five per cent. of the estimated value of imported films was imposed—a step that led to a Hollywood boycott. We want to see the best American films. But before we complacently accept an annual drain of dollars perhaps to the tune of £14 million, it is the Government's duty to look for means of reducing it. Our own production potential is not fully utilised, as it is, and we could also reduce the number of films shown. Three years ago, as the Plant Report pointed out, many good films, American as well as British, could be given longer booking periods than is at present trade custom. "It is only a quite exceptional film which . . . is seen by as many as one half of the potential cinema patrons in the United Kingdom. Similarly, it is exceptional for a feature film to be shown in as many as one half of all the cinemas in the country." Distribution and exhibition methods to-day are wasteful, and a reorganisation could reduce the volume of imported films.

So far as British production is concerned, there is general agreement among our producers that unless the Eady Fund is continued after 1954, we are unlikely to sustain even the present level of film production. But opinion is more divided about the National Film Finance Corporation. It is true that the Corporation has taken the padding out of film budgets, and has enabled the industry to produce some films that would not otherwise have been made. But no professional film-maker is impressed by the purely statistical claim that screen-time shots per day has risen by forty per cent., or that the number of production days has been halved. The type and quality of films matter as much as figures that delight the accountants. Rigid budget control has led to an increasing number of static, all-dialogue, studio-bounded films, but it is very debatable whether this kind of photographed stage-play, which is so similar to a television production, will continue to attract audiences to cinemas. The visionary producer to-day would get his units out and about, filming against real backgrounds with a freedom of movement that television cannot yet attain.

No one will claim that British film production can or should be expanded rashly. But it could be expanded to-day without any loss of quality. In September, 1949, Mr. Rank stated that ". . . we had made demands on the creative talent in the industry that were beyond its resources." Mr. Rank is entitled to his view. But against it must be set the recent comment of *The Times* that "the trouble with the creative talent is that it was left to those whose primary concern was with business to define what constituted it. The definition may have left many reserves of the real article untapped and untried." We cannot tell what the optimum level of British film production may be until every reputable producer, director and script writer either has continuous work or the prospect of it. But we do know that we are at present below that level.

Whatever temporary financial arrangement may be made with the U.S. film industry in September, that is the problem that really faces both the industry and the Board of Trade. A successful British film policy must start from the premise of full employment, rather than be based on the common interest of American producers and British exhibitors.

PAUL ROTHA

"Supers"

To the normal farmer, "supers" merely means one of the main types of fertiliser which he uses, and purchases from that vast and obscure economic world which lies outside the boundaries of his land. He will certainly know a good deal about its effect on his crops under different conditions of season and soil, but until recently there has been no particular need for him to concern himself with its origins or manufacture. It arrived from the merchant mixed, bagged and analysed, and if he wanted more he ordered it: that was all there was to it. But to-day things are different. Faced with a possible shortage of "supers," the farmer is reminded that farming problems cannot be assessed in purely farming terms.

Basically, superphosphate is merely a way of giving vegetables a better dinner than local nature can provide; it adds phosphoric acid, a valuable plant nutrient and tonic, to the soil. And until comparatively recently the sole source of this useful acid was farmyard manure, good old dung, which is the waste-product of a mixed farming system, straw from the fields, excreta from the stock. But—*ex nihilo nihil*. Dung merely collects what is on the farm, it does not add to it, and throughout the ages man has lavished his ingenuity on possible methods of increasing the fertility of his soil. In former times, he tried soot, he tried ashes, he tried old clothes, he tried mud. And he also tried bones. Now, bones, when ground fine to make them more readily available, are a valuable source of phosphoric acid and by the eighteenth century this unpromising material was in fairly common, if local, use. In the 1770s, for instance, bone-grinding for farmers was a recognised Sheffield trade and in 1785 a bone-grinding mill was erected at Hendon.

After Waterloo, a spectacular import trade in bones developed, and as the value of foreign bones entering England soared from £16,000 in 1821 to £254,000 in 1837, and bone-breaking became one of the more repulsive workhouse chores, enterprising commercial agents scoured the continent for suitable raw material. Bones from the Napoleonic battlefields, bones from the Sicilian catacombs, all were grist to the mill, and the imaginative beholder must have witnessed many curious resurrections among the quiet fields of Miss Mitford's England. Already, therefore, we can see the shape of things to come. The British farmer is reaching out beyond his farm, beyond his country, for his supplies of plant food, and the merchant and the manufacturer are taking their invisible place in the rural economy.

They were soon joined by the chemist, in the shrewd and applied shape of John Bennett Lawes. To a later generation Lawes appeared as the knighted doyen of agricultural scientists, the founder of the world-famous Rothamsted Research Station, an Olympian figure incredibly distinguished in both achievement and appearance even in that age of Grand Old Men. But in the 1830s he was just a young Hertfordshire squire with two main interests in life, the restoration of the family fortune—his father had been a personal friend of the Prince Regent—and the chemical experiments which had already cost him most of his bedroom furniture.

It was apparently a chance remark of a neighbour which led him to subject bones to chemical, not mechanical, treatment. Instead of grinding them, he decomposed them with sulphuric acid—the experiments taking place, typically, in an old bath with his former Oxford scout as lab. assistant. In 1839 he thus produced a new and potent agricultural tool, the first superphosphate fertiliser in the world. And then the timely geologist came to his aid by discovering in the coprolite beds of East Anglia a form of phosphoric acid cheaper to exploit by the new technique than laboriously collected bones. Thus did the fossilised dung of extinct animals replace the bones of the dead generations as the raw material of the British farmer's new source of plant food; and when, in 1843, Lawes went into commercial production, a strange new industry appeared in the land, based on the increasing production of the English coprolite beds. It was not romantic, but it was both good business and good farming.

The farmer, in short, had taken non-agricultural interests into partnership, and the price he paid for his fine new tool was his economic independence. Sulphuric acid, for instance, is not a wholly domestic product, and, as early as 1836, His Majesty's Government took a prematurely Palmerstonian line with the King of Naples, who had incautiously considered granting the monopoly of his sulphur deposits to a French company. Further, in mid-Victorian times, raw material from overseas began to replace the English coprolites. In 1856, phosphate rock was first mined in France, in 1858 in the U.S., in 1889 in North Africa; and by 1900 the English coprolite industry had succumbed to foreign competition, leaving as its physical

memorials the abandoned pits and a pub called "The Diggings."

These developments were paralleled by the increasing technical complexity of the superphosphate industry. In the early days, a travelling foreman might well superintend gangs of labourers making fertiliser on the floor of the farmer's barn; by later Victorian times the mixing was done by hand in "dens"; in 1910 the first mechanical mixer in this country was installed; and, by the later 'twenties, conveying, weighing, feeding, in fact all the main processes of manufacture, were mechanised. Thus, as the decades passed, there trailed behind the fertiliser-drill in the lonely English field an increasingly large and varied crowd of economic ghosts, the invisible, distant men to whose labour and skill the farmer owed his superphosphate.

The early twentieth century saw this country producing enough "supers" for our own needs, with a comfortable margin for export. But we were already losing our old monopoly. By the 'thirties, production lagged perceptibly behind consumption, while for every ton we manufactured the U.S. manufactured six. But this did not worry the farmer. There was plenty of phosphate rock, plenty of sulphuric acid in the world, and if his own countrymen did not make enough, he could always buy it from foreigners. Neither did the supply fail when the testing-time came: between 1939 and 1949 the tonnage of superphosphate used in this country increased three-fold. But what war spared is to-day threatened by the accumulated pressures of peace. For sulphuric acid, the technical link forged by Lawes between the dead mineral world and the living crops of the farmer, is still the main agent in British factories for converting raw phosphate rock to digestible fertiliser. Every ton of superphosphate requires some nine hundredweight of sulphuric, and in normal times the fertiliser industry is the biggest single user of this acid in the country: in 1949 over a quarter of the sulphuric acid produced in the U.K. went on the manufacture of superphosphate. And now sulphuric is getting short. World demand exceeds world output, and America is now limiting the export of her shrinking sulphur reserves which, it is estimated, will at the present rate of exploitation only last for another fifteen years.

Less sulphur, less sulphuric acid and thus less superphosphate; less plant-food in the field, less produce from the farm; and finally, less to eat for somebody in the English towns. The way is devious but the shortage gets there all right. For though, of course, superphosphate is not a necessity for agriculture-in-the-abstract—if all the fertiliser in the world died in the night crops would still grow—it is an integral part of the farming system of this country at this time which, according to recent calculations, derives only one-sixth of the phosphates it uses from farmyard manure. And without a continuing supply of superphosphate, or without an adequate substitute for it, yields will most certainly fall.

There are, of course, other possible sources of sulphur in the world. But the exploitation of new deposits or any general change in commercial policy or manufacturing method means a series of major economic operations, including heavy capital outlay, while any increase in the import of ready-made superphosphate may be limited by the somewhat uncertain supply of pyrites upon which most Continental factories depend. We are, you see, getting a long way from the farm. Indeed, the farmer, as farmer, has no *locus standi* here, for he is in the domain of the merchant, the manufacturer, the economist and the politician.

NIGEL HARVEY

The Londoner

THE Londoner came off the lake steamer at nine in the evening. He had been expected all day, and by the time the boat had curled round and been brought up at the end of the little stone jetty, there was quite a deputation to meet him. Carlo, who had been a prisoner in East Africa and then a driver with the Ground Nuts Scheme, and who now lived by selling cheap silk scarves to tourists, Carlo was there of course. So was Peppo, because Peppo was Mayor, and also because Peppo was sure that such an occasion was bound to see the free circulation of several large bottles of *Brolio*. Then there were two or three of Peppo's aides, who always accompanied him to lend numbers if not dignity to such official appearances, and had much the same attachment to the raffia-covered bottles piled up at the back of Giuseppe's restaurant. And, naturally, there was Giuseppe himself, his white coat gleaming against the water in the half-light, and then bobbing and wavering at the head of the party as it came slowly back to the waterfront.

All day, Giuseppe had been cleaning and polishing. He had put clean white cloths on the tables under the arcade, and he had straightened the four tubs of hydrangeas and petunias several times, like a sergeant preparing his colour guard for an inspection. The red-and-white awning had been taken down and washed the day before, and now its stripes still stretched out over the street, though the sun had gone down behind the mountains an hour ago. The tables were laid, but even the regular patrons had been excluded from them and pushed back, through the bar, into the courtyard. They had all taken this upheaval in good grace. It is true that there had been a throaty grumble from Mario, the Customs officer, when he had been moved from his corner table. But there was nothing personal about it. It was simply that his official position required a dignified protest against his removal from this vantage point, from which he rarely moved, and from which he conducted his campaign against smugglers of cigarettes and other valuable contraband.

In short, by the time the lake steamer puffed round the point, Giuseppe had reduced his restaurant to a lifeless lustre. It was a remarkable achievement, for business had been brisk all day, what with people coming in to ask when the Londoner would be arriving, and people coming back again to confirm that he would be arriving at nine, and people calling for a third time to make sure that their interest had been properly registered. It had been even brisker as the evening wore on; Giuseppe and his wife had been run off their feet coping with orders from the courtyard, and making sure that bills were settled as they ran up, just in case there should be a little forgetfulness later on.

It was clearly an occasion. Giuseppe's mother, old Signora Saccione, had put on her best black dress, and seated herself in regal and solitary eminence at the centre table. She usually spent her evenings helping in the kitchen, or sitting on a bench under the lime trees along the edge of the lake. But all this evening she had waited there quietly, nodding to passing friends and cracking a politeness with the patrons as they passed to and from the courtyard, waiting there with a gentle, satisfied smile.

The Londoner, as expected, came off the lake steamer at nine. He had left the international express at Chiasso, taken the bus across to the lake, and had then travelled northwards in the twilight. He was now on the last stage of the journey that had begun twenty-four hours earlier at Victoria, and to judge from the pace at which he and the welcoming deputation came down the jetty, he was in no special hurry to complete it. True enough, he was surrounded by a fair-sized crowd by the time they turned on to the road and came towards the restaurant, and his progress appeared to be continually interrupted by a disturbance at the centre of this crowd, caused by some new arrival forcing a way through to greet him.

Now this Londoner was a person of some note. I had heard a good deal about him in the course of the day, particularly from Carlo, the scarf-seller, who did not know him at all. But Carlo did know that he was a person of note, and that he had a country villa, on the edge of a forest. And Carlo was very anxious for him to arrive. For Carlo wanted to put to him the questions that he put to anyone who might have any connection with other persons of note in London. "Do you know my friend John Strachey?" he would ask. "Do you know Sir Leslie Plummer?" And finally: "How is Sir Andrew MacFadyen?" Most of Carlo's adult life had been bounded by barbed wire, ground nut plantations and the waters of the lake; and his sole, and somewhat vicarious contact with the eminent had been established in those two years he had spent as a driver in Tanganyika. So, for Carlo, London life was but a firmament in which these three stars blazed, and he somehow felt his own fortunes were secure so long as this constellation was at its zenith. It has assured him that, so far as my knowledge went, all three gentlemen were well and prospered. But I suspect that he distrusted my diffident answer, and he had gone off to seek assurance from the Londoner. He was a person of note, and he would be sure to know.

When the party arrived, I could see Carlo hovering on its fringe. It was clear that he had not yet had a chance to put the Londoner to the question. But he was carrying a panama hat and a suitcase which he had seized from the Londoner at the jetty. With these hostages in his hands, he was certain of gaining the Londoner's attention for a few moments once the first excitement was over. It was then, as the ranks parted on the pavement before the restaurant, that I had my first glimpse of the Londoner himself. He was an old man. He was, in fact, about the same age as Signora Saccione, who had risen as the party approached, and moved forward to meet it. As she came to face the old gentleman, she spoke softly. He bowed. She burst into tears and embraced him.

This emotional climax to the tension of the day was too much for the patrons in the courtyard, who had been pressing forward through the bar. As if at a signal, they burst out and mingled with the crowd outside, surrounding the old couple as they seated themselves at the centre table. For a little while, I lost sight of Signora Saccione and the Londoner, but I could tell that everything was as it should be from the happy smile on Giuseppe's face as, accompanied by two of Mayor Peppo's aides, he pushed his way towards the stack of bottles in the bar.

These bottles were soon circulating. Carlo had two of them hanging from his wrist by their raffia handles, and he came across to me, the panama perched on his head, trailing and banging the suitcase behind him.

"You see, Signor," he said, as if he had not told me the story three times already that day, "this is a great day for Signora Saccione. Fifty years ago, she was a young girl in this village. She wished to marry a young man. But her

parents intended to emigrate to the United States, and she had to go with them. The young man said he would follow her. So he saved his money. But he could never save enough, and, in the end, he went to London. The Signora lived in Boston. She married. She had this son, Giuseppe. And when her husband died, she came back here with her son. But the other one—he doesn't come back. He becomes a person of note in London. He buys a fine villa. . . ." Carlo was turning over the label on the suitcase as he spoke. "See." He showed me the address. It was Villa La Bella, 216B., Wanstead Gdns., Epping.

As I read it, I noticed Giuseppe standing in front of me. "You must meet the Londoner," he said. I went over to the table where Signora Saccione and the old man who had come back at last sat together, shyly holding hands. "He is, of course, a person of note in London," Giuseppe said, "but perhaps you may know him."

I had known Luigi for several years. There are many diners in Charlotte Street who know Luigi, the waiter. Before age had weakened his eyesight, he would have known me, if not my voice.

"Your health, Commandatore" I said. "Welcome home." NORMAN MACKENZIE

Wine With Mr. Waugh

Now that I hear there is another novel by Mr. Waugh on the way—and hear a rumour that it may concern, in part at any rate, his army career—I recall once more with pleasure the time during the war when we drank wine together. Or perhaps I should write more precisely: drank wine from the same table.

It was in May 1941 that 29 Brigade went up to Loch Fyne to learn about Combined Operations. When we got there, we discovered to our delight that this meant living in a ship anchored in the loch some way out from Inverary; and only occasionally embarking in the landing craft to attack the shores and hills of the surrounding countryside. Living in a ship: that was the thing.

We lived in *Karanja*—an old B.I. Line ship that in peace time went from this country to India, carrying I.C.S. and army officers and their wives returning from leave; and the hopeful girls of the Fishing Fleet, off after husbands. It was now one of H.M.'s fleet, and had been converted into an assault ship—with mess-decks for the troops and the ordinary first-class accommodation for the officers. We were waited on by Goanese servants; and the gin was three-pence for a double, cigarettes 1s. 8d. for a hundred. There were enormous meals—including scrambled egg (delightfully called "rumble tumble"), three kinds of ham for breakfast, and always curry as an extra for lunch and dinner. The first evening we got aboard we were too stupefied by the price of gin to make any further researches into the drink situation—except for brandy after dinner, which was tuppence ha'penny, I believe. The next morning was a sad one, and it was not until dinner that night that any of us got round to asking about the wines.

I was sitting at a large round table in the saloon, as far away as possible from the Commanding Officer. There were two other subalterns from our battalion at this table, and two Royal Marine officers. After looking at the wine list, I asked the steward to bring me a bottle of the Volnay, costing three shillings. When it arrived, the wizened little R.M. officer sitting opposite me (ex-ranker aged about forty five, with a row of War One decorations) coughed loudly, put his elbows on the table and said: "So you're a wine-bubber, are you?"

"Well, er, I suppose, er, yes . . ."

"So we've got another wine-bubber at this table?" By now I had slopped the wine all over the place.

"We had a chap," he went on, "who sat at this table who was a proper wine-bubber. Bottle a night when he was on board. I used to call him the wine-bubber. Strange chap, Captain in the Marines, but he was an author, used to write novels. Had a girl's name. Evelyn, Evelyn . . . Captain Evelyn . . ."

"Waugh," I said.

"That's it! You know him, do you?"

"No indeed, I don't," I said, "but I've read his books."

"All of them?"

"Yes, I think so."

He could quite obviously see the connecting link between author and reader. "Wine-bubber," he murmured, and got on with his curry.

It was something of an awkward meal. Over the rim of the glass every time I drank I saw the appraising eyes of the Royal Marine who, we discovered soon enough, was the ship's Quartermaster, and who was called Chalky White. Every time one of us picked up a wine glass, there was a perceptible pause in his eating as he looked up to watch the wine habit in progress.

Night after night we had our bob's worth of pink gins and then, when the little gong tinkled for dinner, we had our bottle or bottles of wine. And after a day or two that wine never failed to start Chalky off on his reminiscences and his questions. "Here come the wine-bubbers," he would say. And then, while he watched it being poured out: "Is it true he wrote a story about a chap who ate his girl-friend at a cannibal party?"

"Yes, quite true. But the chap didn't *know* she was in the cooking pot."

"And what about that one you were talking about yesterday, the chap who wore a green bowler hat? Do you think that was another of his old schoolmasters he was writing about?"

"Probably," we answered.

"Where did he go to school himself?"

"Lancing."

"They play soccer," said the other Marine, who spoke seldom.

"That chap always reading books to the old black sod in the jungle. Do you reckon he ever got home?"

"Well, he didn't by the end of the book."

"Wasn't there a sequel?"

"There hasn't been so far."

"Picture that, can't you? Him always reading. And wishing he hadn't got doped that time when the Whites came."

We got hold of a copy of one of the novels—*Scoop*, I think it was—and offered to lend it him. But he did not want to *read* one of them, he pointed out. What he wanted to know was the kind of thing that went on in them. "Like that kid shooting, no the other way round, the master shooting the kid in the foot at the school sports." He put down his knife and fork and looked up at the ceiling with ecstatic eyes. "And then the kid kicks the bucket," he breathed.

Decline and Fall was certainly a prize in his collection. When one of us, after a few days of careful stage-management, first hailed our little Goanese steward as "Phillbrick," he could not put the chutney on his curry for laughing. But I think his favourite piece was the meeting of Chastity with the General (ex-major) at the end of *Vile Bodies*. The name the soldiers had called her. "They called me Bunny—I don't know why," he would murmur whenever he got ashore and spotted one of the trim and rare Wren officers. Then he would sit in the Argyll Arms and giggle contentedly for hours.

"Wish I'd known he wrote that kind of stuff," he used to sigh after we had gone over one of his favourite passages or introduced him to something new. "Funny name, Evelyn, isn't it?" He leaned back in his chair and looked at all the characters in this—the latest—Combined Ops. draft. "Used to sit here and drink that red ink every night. I used to say to him: 'Here comes the wine-bubber'."

I have often wondered if he did in fact greet Captain Waugh *every* night with that phrase; and what Captain Waugh's response can have been. Perhaps I shall find out in the book.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

Horse Show

Last week in London, among the many convergences that unknown to us swell our traffic block, one could not fail to declare itself. Sixty-seven costermongers, some in pearlies, with new-varnished carts, had a date. Ponies jingled and mokes tripped it. From Bermondsey and Battersea, Wandsworth and Deptford they came; and 6 p.m. at the White City saw the first of them enter the arena. There all the week, in an International Horse Show, aristocrats of their world had been stepping, rearing, cavorting, jumping, galloping, trotting; the Costers' Turnout brought, I won't say a touch of nature, but common kind. There were sympathetic claps from the public benches. The stadium for this occasion, when it is barely a tenth filled, divides neatly into two: nobs on the one side, plebs on the other. Even the horses seem to recognise this. They kowtow there, play up here. They know their place, a rather exalted one. Whatever you may say about the horse in these oil-driven days, he remains (given the opportunity) a gentleman. No dog can boast that, and many a dog has tried.

The afternoon had started with jumping. A course of a dozen obstacles, artfully crisscrossed, simulated a run with hedges, five-bar gates, fences, walls, higher or lower, but all with dislodgable parts: some took them almost walking, others preferred a bold dash, though speed and style here counted for nothing. One got to know the hazards, if not the chances; often the more spirited kind would sail through a blissful first half, to pull up amazed before the painted brick wall that barred a way to the second. The winner of this competition was none other than Foxhunter, though on the Wednesday afternoon we missed seeing him in action. He led the parade: a great sportsman! The band played "Voices of Spring." On either side of me, cock-a-hoop sat men with small caps and big moustaches. "Jerelwums!" said one. "That'll teach the dimmed Russians," said the other.

Then there was a judging of hunters, seen in three actions, walking, cantering, galloping, as dictated by a little bowlegged man in gold-braided scarlet with his mouth to a long horn; streaming across the field they let go, though fashion no longer allows coat-tails to fly with horses'. Trotting, the most perverse of fancies, followed: these ponies seem too diminutive for their masters, and tight-reining has induced a style as archly stepping, and to some delectable, as the Hippodrome chorus. The counties were brought back by the arrival, or flooding, of the Pytchley Hounds, which like well-ordered quicksilver spilt round flower beds and judges' stands,

With nothing in view, except perhaps a delayed breakfast, they kept up the liveliest pretence of September mornings, foxes in plenty. Hunting in 1952, the programme assured us, holds its own. Golden days may be over, but—despite shut gates and scent-destroying manures—a silver age is still ours. The fox remains delicately poised between extinction and preservation, now harried, now encouraged. "D'ye ken John Peel?" inquired the band bluffly; and how could anyone argue with that?

The afternoon, till then cool and grey, broke into bright, dappled, lolloping clouds, so that to match them, one looked for a buxom shire horse or shiny brewer's pride. But this wasn't their occasion. Elegance and metal held sway. What could have been more eye-taking than the four black chargers of the Household Cavalry, alert for tent-pegging? For a moment they brought back glory, when a horse with ideals could be shot from under a General. Even to-day (how many income-tax sufferers know this?) a gentleman riding to and from his office may claim £5 relief. The dark lancers swept by the Royal Enclosure; four lances aimed, stabbed; three met the ground, and only one was lifted in triumph. Style, even in tent-pegging, isn't everything. This particular prize was carried off with almost grim efficiency by the Lancashire Police.

More jumping, this time with speed as a main factor; and a dashing Irish captain—fit hero for a Dornford Yates novel—surpassed everything with the gay faultless round so many riders must dream of. I had grown rather dreamy myself. Sensations were over; another roundabout of trotting was due, then the costers; it was growing colder, with threats of rain. When would the bars open, and what were my neighbours bandying across me? "Union Jack Stakes every time!" insisted one. "Give me the Tally-Ho Stakes!" replied the other; and then, deferring to me, "What do you say?"

I'm afraid I said, without thinking, "Soho steaks."

They were puzzled for a second during which the enormity of my lapse came home to me.

"So-ho! so-ho!" I hurried on, trying to make the best of it.

The band struck up something out of the "Mikado," and the first of the high-stepping ponies—over 14 hands, I noted with desperate interest—were away; but silence gripped the three of us sitting there on our bench. A single accusation shone out from the red faces on either side of me. *Cannibal!*

Not a word was spoken. I left as soon as I decently could; and it will be many years before I poke myself into a horse show again. Outside the White City lorries were plunging and cars swerving, creatures of the new world. One poor old blinkered nag stood in dejection, with no thought outside a dropped nosebag.

G. W. Stonier.

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The Arts and Entertainment

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Drama

The Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama, with five years behind it, may now be said to be in its maturity, presuming that the age of a festival is computed on some system similar to that applied to dogs. Maturity has its own charms, and Edinburgh itself remains as enticing as ever, especially when the sun shines on Lawnmarket and the wind relents at the draughty intersections of Princes Street. But the ways of maturity tend to become set, and the pattern of the Festival is becoming standardised. We know just what to expect. Primarily, in spite of its title, it is a Festival of Music; for it is on the music, to judge by the variety and the range, that the organisers expend most money and forethought. Standing somewhere between the two, Ballet is well represented with a fresh company each of the three weeks. Yearly, one important Art exhibition is arranged, and nightly Scottish Command contributes its popular searchlight tattoo. Meanwhile, an energetic group has established the Film Festival, which runs concurrently, as an important annual event. These are the main items sponsored by the Festival Society itself; other less established bodies fill up the chinks with individual contributions of their own.

Music and Films are treated separately below; but before I turn to the drama I must mention two items strictly outside my province. Last week the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet gave the first performance of a new work by Mr. John Cranko. The wit, invention and gaiety of this young choreographer and the growing reputation of the composer Mr. John Gardner excited a particular interest in this event. In *Reflections* Mr. Cranko has had the courage to break new ground. This is a serious ballet and, whatever else is to be said about it, the first thing that strikes one is its remarkable power and assurance. It attempts to evoke the moods of adolescent struggle, torn between violence and gentleness; and its failure is a failure to keep its head above the chaos it is describing. It invokes the figures of myth, Narcissus and Echo, without using them to help us. Myth is a way of conveying profound truths simply. *Reflections* is evidently profound enough, but it is far from simple. Yet, if it is confusing and confused, it is never for a moment boring. It is infused with imagination and strength and with Mr. Cranko's characteristic style. Mr. Gardner's score had the great merits of appropriateness, clarity and, as it seemed to me, danceableness. And evidently the company, brilliantly led in a difficult role by David Poole, found the same. The second item I must chronicle, however perfunctorily, is the splendid Degas exhibition. Forty-one canvases and sixteen bronzes make a representative epitome of the artist's development. This exhibition will shortly be seen at the Tate.

The drama section at Edinburgh has, too, its pattern within the pattern. Two new plays, one by a distinguished author, if available, and at the Assembly Hall Mr. Tyrone Guthrie presiding over the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre in something that can be roughly described as a "folk offering." This year it is a "ballad opera," *The Highland Fair.* The story, which describes the reconciliation of two factious clans, has the simplicity of a musical comedy and has the same virtue of introducing large choruses in variegated costume. The Scottish airs are as easy on the ear as the latest numbers from the latest musical, and the whole thing has an easy, acceptable, rather unprofessional charm of the kind which is likely to appeal especially to local pride and sentiment. In any other setting it might seem a little tame, if not actually dull. But here it serves agreeably enough, though it will not, unlike *The Three Estates,* bear reviving.

This year's distinguished author is Mr. Charles Morgan, and what better casting could there be for the epithet? Yet it is just the distinction, so very consciously and professionally worn, that has made him, as an author, unreadable to a whole generation less and less able to afford so tremendously high a tone. Such will approach *The River Line,* if at all, with justified misgivings. Won't they from the start be called upon to live far above their moral station? Yet up to the last act they might very well be surprised to find themselves wholly engaged, for the play is firmly built on a melodramatic frame. Three of the main characters, an American flier, Philip Sturgess, Julian Wyburton, a Naval commander, and Marie, his French wife, were closely involved during the war in an incident on the escape route (called "The River Line") out of France into Spain. When the play opens these three are sitting on a terrace overlooking the countryside which Julian now farms. You might expect them to be united by all they have been through together; but in fact they are divided by unseen barriers of silence, by walls of glass.

The American, Sturgess, has a sick conscience. It is, presumably, to heal it that he has come back. But Wyburton consistently refuses to discuss the past with him. At first you suppose that this refusal is just a part of the traditions of his Service; but before the end you will know more. The middle act is a flash-back which tells very effectively the incident of the River Line. The great danger was that an enemy agent should pass himself off as an Englishman and go right down the escape route discovering its secrets. Sturgess has reason to suspect one of this number of being such an agent, a man they all particularly admire. There is no time to ravel the thing out. In this "predicament of the world" to be suspected is to be guilty. He discloses his suspicion to Marie who is in command of this post and she can only order Wyburton to kill the suspected traitor.

So far Mr. Morgan's success is unqualified. In the first act he establishes most effectively the atmosphere of cross-currents and troubled consciences. In the second he creates the strained tension and works up with great force and conviction to the execution. It is only in the third act when the discussion is resumed on the terrace that the characteristic inflation begins. Mr. Morgan cannot be content with a predicament, even so interesting a one as this. He must have a tragedy and the tragedy must be Greek. Sturgess cannot learn merely to forgive himself. "The solution can come only from a power within the tragedy itself." As if that weren't enough for us to swallow, the author begins cashing larger and larger cheques. "The creative pause," "Interior grace," "Loss without losing," "They bore their responsibility in the predicament of the world." I am not suggesting that Mr. Morgan could not meet these drafts if they were presented. But it would take a whole play or more to make good any one of them. And the sad thing is that underneath all this display of moral wealth the play is working itself out to a quite satisfactory, though much simpler, resolution. The play

CARBON

CARBON is one of the most widely distributed of the elements, for it is an essential constituent for all living matter. Carbon appears in the crystalline form as diamond and graphite and in the amorphous form as charcoal. Combined with other elements it gives innumerable chemicals all of which are vital to our existence. Carbon atoms readily join with each other, and with those of other elements. They will link up into rings, form long chains of atoms like strings of beads, and even branch out to make complex three-dimensional molecules. The study of carbon compounds is so important that it has become a specialized branch of science known as Organic Chemistry. Hundreds of thousands of different molecules have already been made from carbon atoms in conjunction with those of two or three other elements, such as hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. An almost infinite number of new ones remain to be discovered by the organic chemist. Since 1856, when Sir William H. Perkin made the first synthetic dye, mauve, the manufacture of dyestuffs has been a focal point of the organic chemical industry. The dyestuffs made by I.C.I. are carbon compounds, and recent I.C.I. research into carbon derivatives has resulted in such epoch-making discoveries as new anti-malarial drugs, new textile fibres like 'Ardil', and 'Gammexane', a revolutionary insecticide.

ICI

owes a great deal to the very imaginative production by Mr. Michael Macowan. Both Miss Pamela Brown and Miss Virginia McKenna are violently miscast, though they do their best to cover it up. Mr. Paul Scofield is excellent as the puzzled Sturgess and Miss Marjorie Fielding and Mr. Michael Goodliffe fit in well.

T. C. WORSLEY

Music

It is a stock complaint of critics, if not of audiences, that Edinburgh programmes are unenterprising. There is some truth in this: one may reasonably feel, for example, that England has more to show to the world than is displayed on this expensive Northern counter. This year, the Festival authorities must be allowed their share of bad luck: Fricker's commissioned Viola Concerto was not ready in time, and is to be given next year instead. Rawsthorne's Second Piano Concerto will be new to the great majority of visitors; and there was another important quasi-novelty, of which I must speak at once, before a succession of operas and concerts has dulled its impact. This is the Violin Concerto of the Swiss composer, Frank Martin, probably his most valuable contribution to the repertory since the *Petite Symphonie Concertante*.

Frank Martin speaks, with uncommon taste and refinement, an harmonic language which is roughly that of Honegger. As an artistic personality, however, he shows neither the brilliance nor the lapses into banality of Honegger; he reminds us rather of Fauré or Roussel. He is naturally averse from raising his voice; reserve and fastidiousness —a kind of musical *politesse*—are the marks of his style. Enormously interested in the problems and pleasures of texture, he washes in his colours so gently that the casual listener is inclined to write him off as grey. Unquestionably, the note of exhilaration is missing from Martin's work, and that he should for that reason make a limited appeal to many listeners I can well understand, since the exhilarating is a quality which I cannot help valuing almost as highly in art as in life. In the first movement of the new Concerto—a full-scale work—the material (reminiscent of Debussy's *Nuages*) did indeed seem too vague in outline, like an under-exposed photograph, to support the structure. Possibly this impression would vanish with familiarity; at least the second movement, an Andante molto moderato, moved forward with perfect cohesion and confidence, maintaining the unruffled calm of a reverie, yet saved from any suspicion of mush or improvisation by the constant touch of a decisive and sinewy intelligence; this movement, perfectly played by Josef Szigeti, is, I think, to be among the most successful of its kind in modern music. The finale moves forward from a light scherzo-like opening to a conclusion in which the composer allows himself the rare luxury of a fanfare or two as his Concerto sails home, with even a suggestion of panoply, to the bright harbour of E major. It will be a very great pleasure to make its further acquaintance.

In the same concert, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the mainstay of the first week, gave, under Vittorio Gui, a firm and shapely reading of Haydn's tenderly joyful 88th Symphony. Of its concerts under Sir Thomas Beecham I heard only the last, when it joined forces with the Edinburgh Royal Choral Union, a thoroughly well-trained body, in a performance in French of *L'Enfance du Christ* of Berlioz. This delicate and uneven work—a fresco of charming genre scenes alongside other sections in which the master has left the outline unaccountably bare—is exactly the thing for a Festival, though, except for the Narrator of Léopold Simoneau, the principals failed to do full justice to the sinuous vocal lines.

O, the Hamburg State Opera, the main attraction of the Festival, I hope to write more fully next week. So far I have seen their *Zauberflöte* and *Freischütz* only, but that is enough to show that they are a most intelligent and harmonious ensemble: evidently their famous Intendant and producer, Herr Günther Rennert, is a thorough musician as well as a first-rate man of the theatre. In the *Flute*, visually rather subfusc, the management of the action was delightfully true and unforced: thus, the scene in which Papageno routs Monostatos and all the evil of the world with his chiming bells was played without buffoonery, so that moved us almost to tears instead of the customary guffaw. I have never seen a younger, merrier or more lovable Papageno than that of Horst Günther; the Pamina of Lisa della Casa and the Sarastro of Gottlob Frick were also first-rate. But, under Georg Solti, the music was less well integrated than was that of *Der Freischütz* under Joseph Keilberth. The orchestra, not equal to our R.P.O. in the niceties of woodwind chording and intonation, felt and conveyed all the rustic freshness of Weber's score; and the solo cellist earned especially high marks. Elisabeth Grümmer sang the first section of "Leise, leise" with memorable stillness and beauty; and the whole cast managed the spoken dialogue with such ease and spontaneity that the historic little work, which can easily seem antiquated to non-Germans, came up with delightful freshness in the pretty sets of Caspar Neher and the admirably unified production of Oscar Fritz Schuh. We were made to feel the romantic mystery of the woodland music, and it was all we could do not to join in the Hunters' Chorus.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Film

Over 250 short films, from 29 countries, form the core of the Edinburgh Film Festival programmes. What strikes one most when two or three hundred are gathered together in the name of "realist, documentary and experimental," is the melancholy no-man's-land between the admirably straightforward, efficient instructional —on the basic principles of lubrication, canal management, firemen, squirrel habits, and so on— and the genuinely individual work. This no-man's-land contains scores of films that are neither honestly educational nor freely imaginative; the demands of sponsorship are wrapped up in pretentious commentaries, "advanced" music, and large close-ups of faces intended to reveal character. In fact, these close-ups catch people doing very simple, unrevealing things—a workman eating a sandwich, or wiping his forehead because it's hot and he's been working hard. The result is like a report on the use of bitumen in dyke-building presented as an illuminated manuscript. Relation between form and content has gone wildly askew.

In collecting all these films the Festival organisers are, of course, doing the right thing. Only by discovering what goes on can one decide that a severe revaluation of "documentary" is overdue, that a distinction must be made between a film manual, open or disguised—and a Festival of Textbooks is, really, unnecessary—and a personal achievement of the kind that *Song of Ceylon* stood for in the past and that Sucksdorff's brief lyric, *Indian Village*, upheld at Edinburgh last week.

The other good things must be briefly listed. They included a beautiful little French film, *Cité du Midi*, about circus performers exercising and rehearsing, and a charming Scots film, *The Singing Street*, based on the traditional songs of Edinburgh children. Norman MacLaren sent the best abstract I have seen by him for a long time, *A Phantasy*, and *Neighbours*, in which for the first time he uses naturalistic images. A chilling little fable, with some brutal humour, mimed to synthetic sound, it suggests the disastrous consequences of not loving one's neighbour.

The most notable feature film has been Max Ophuls's *Le Plaisir*, three Maupassant stories linked by the author's voice as commentary. It has characteristically elegant and atmospheric qualities, though *La Maison Tellier* would have responded more to a sharper, harder, less decorative style. An autumn showing in London is forecast. The Festival's opening feature was *The Brave Don't Cry*, now also on view in London. Produced by John Grierson, written by Montagu Slater, and directed by a graduate from the Crown Film Unit, Philip Leacock, this is a sober fiction-fact account of a mining disaster in Scotland. A hundred men are trapped for two days below ground; above, relatives and friends anxiously wait. With a capable script, some excellent acting from unfamiliar Glasgow Citizens' Theatre players, the film still misses the intensity it might have had through rather characterless handling. It is decent, superficially authentic, and benefits from the ready emotional appeal of its subject; but its style is based on reportage, not imagination.

An astonishing Philippine adventure, *Genghis Khan*, is also on show at Edinburgh. It includes some innocent borrowing of Hollywood *clichés*, but for the most part it consists of a battle scene of unparalleled, original ferocity and violence. Soldiers scream with rage as enormous boulders from the enemy hit them well below the belt, women are kicked, whipped and thrown into ponds, villages razed to the ground, an old infantilist ruler submitted to the water torture. Wrestling with a hideous giant, the young Genghis discovers that his opponent cannot resist being tickled. He rolls him to the ground, while the great creature still shakes with ecstatic laughter, and bashes his head in. Realist? Experimental? Documentary? I should say.

GAVIN LAMBERT

STATE BALLET

A SHORT time ago, in answer to my complaint that the Sadler's Wells ballet was stodgy, a pundit of the dancing world suggested that State ballet companies were, by their very nature lacking in enterprise. I thought of the Danish State company and the Paris Opera ballet and my heart sank in agreement; for this shocking suggestion appeared to be depressingly substantiated. But the thought that Sadler's Wells might never produce anything more brilliant than *Bonne-Bouche* or *A Mirror for Witches* was sad. Not that these two works, newly designed for the company last season, are bad; they are good; but they are not the first-class productions one hopes to see given by our national ballet company. Though each is lively in its own way, neither has a lasting quality, and I can see them sinking into the repertoire and being performed with that workaday automatism that marks so many of Sadler's Wells' performances at Covent Garden.

This lack of spirit in the company as a whole is a thing which worries me every time I watch a performance, and the reasons for it are complex. In the main it is a lack of stimulation—the stimulation that comes from working with choreographers who express a contemporary habit of mind, a habit strong enough to excite an intensely personal as well as a general response in even the meanest member of the *corps de ballet*. Roland Petit is an excellent example of one who has this ability, for his ballets, whether good or bad, whether about cats or Carmen, evoke a contemporary atmosphere with the special kind

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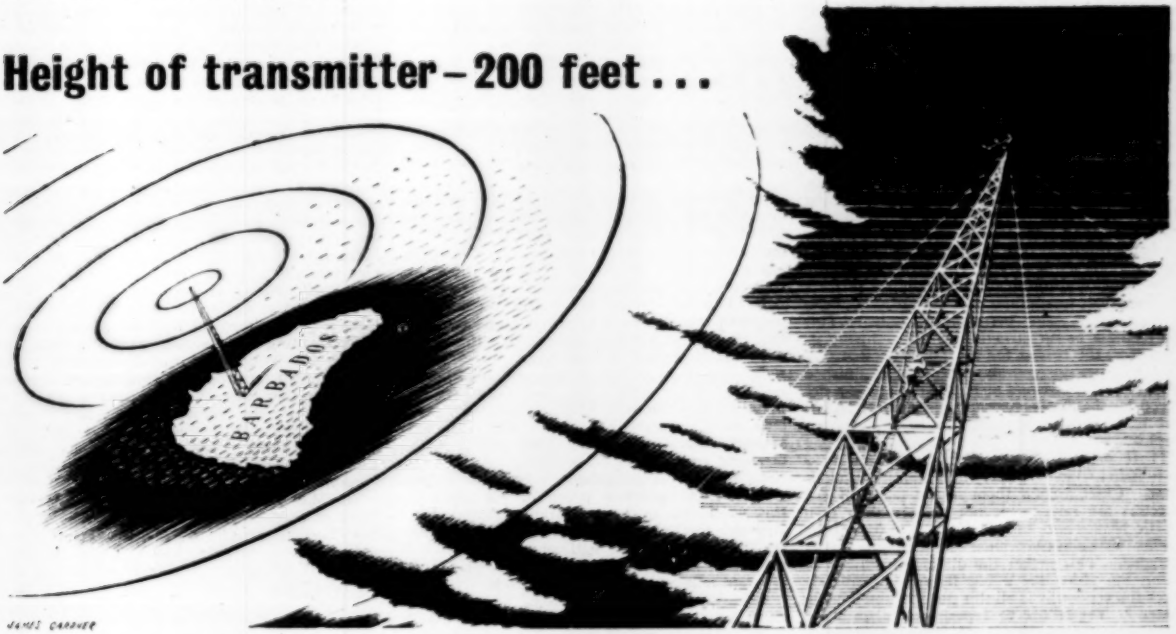

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of illusion or disillusion that awakens an understanding in this generation of dancers.

The scarcity of new choreographers to work out fresh and original ideas is Sadler's Wells' real failure, one that is now undermining its vitality after a brilliant career in which it has reached great artistic heights. Yet it is, I think, no accidental chance, but skilful training that has produced three important choreographers, Frederick Ashton, Anthony Tudor and Andrée Howard, with several others of lively capabilities from Marie Rambert's school of ballet; whereas—excepting Ninette de Valois herself—Sadler's Wells can only boast John Cranko. It is of no permanent use importing brilliant outsiders, for the stimulation is only temporary. The dancers require someone with an intimate understanding of their training, their capabilities and ways of thought to develop their stage personalities fully. This shortcoming in the structure of the company is, I suspect, the reason for the nonsense that was written earlier this year about ballet being finished as an art. The writers of these articles were deceived by the intellectual and imaginative inertia that is at present apparent in British choreography.

There are, of course, many handicaps to a State Ballet which are likely to inhibit its development. Chief among them is the fact that the directors are responsible not only to their own artistic consciences but, in a sense, to that of the public, whose conventional standards are easily outraged. This makes the directors cautious of taking big risks, for a big failure immediately raises the cry—why is all this public money being wasted? Yet failure to experiment raises a cry on the other side—Why is the ballet so stodgy? But, as a ballet organisation, Sadler's Wells has two great advantages, which should ultimately overcome these difficulties. It has a school of its own in which to develop the various kinds of dancers needed. Besides this, it has the Theatre Ballet company for the young dancers, who make up what they lack in experience in vitality and enthusiasm. Here there is no lack of animal spirits, and this is where experiments of a lively and daring nature might be made. It is to be hoped that the school will soon produce young choreographers to make them.

ANNABEL FARJEON

RADIO NOTES

THE genuine unscripted discussion or conversation piece, however smoothly it may flow, is not an unmixed triumph on the air. As in the round-the-world broadcasts at Christmas, one may admire the virtuosity of the thing, but be troubled by the inadequacy of what is actually said. Outside wit and the well-told story, does anything memorable of a serious kind ever come out of the stimulating babble of after-dinner talk, the model, it would seem, for so much radio argument? Coleridge, we read, could hold forth for hours on such occasions, yet none of his stunned, admiring listeners could ever, later, remember a word. But, legendary speakers apart, the form itself, with its unarranged and unresolved impromptu, has always some specific disadvantages. No one is ever converted to another point of view—though this would be *really* interesting. And then, a curious mathematical inversion, two people speaking together for half an hour manage to say very much less than two people giving separate talks of fifteen minutes each.

Conversation on Traitors (Home Service) which gave rise to these meditations, was not exactly an exception to any of them; but by accident of speaker and subject it went rather further than the usual surface treatment. Technically, it must be considered a success; the four speakers at their various levels (Elizabeth Bowen, Noel Annan, Nigel Balchin and Alan Moorehead) filled the forty-five minutes unflaggingly and with evident feeling. The subject itself is an uneasy one, for the word *loyalty* (the obverse of treachery) can be used in defence of Nuremberg criminals and can exclude a Dr. Stockmann. (Ibsen, of course, would have been just the man for the subject.) But what lifted the whole discussion beyond the dinner-table stage was the penetration of one of the speakers (Nigel Balchin) who not only thought clearly himself, but helped to clarify the groping ideas of some of his companions. Miss Bowen was sensitive and searching, but not very direct in expression; Mr. Annan was tentative and scholarly; Mr. Moorehead (surprisingly) hedging and defensive. One was left with the conviction, after listening to the discussion's give-and-take and the falling away of the weaker arguments, that the ultimate basis for behaviour was human decency—a very different thing from sentimentalism ("my friend before my country" or, alternatively, "my country right or wrong"); from the professional obedience that animated Casabianca or the Light Brigade; or from, worst of all, the lazy shelving of responsibility ("I was *told* to do it") that lies behind some of the greatest national crimes. This conclusion alone would have justified the programme.

Sir Max Beerbohm's eightieth birthday provided an occasion for re-hearing his talk *A Small Boy Looking at Giants*—political giants, these were, of seventy years ago ("I am what the writers of obituaries call an interesting link with the past"), and a reminder that the impromptu can rarely be as satisfying as the designed talk in which the thought and phrase exactly meet; and in which not only the word but the syllable has its careful place. The ending had a note of valediction, for the speaker was on the eve of departing for Italy. But the date of the broadcast was 1936. It also gave us in a programme entitled *The Seventh Man*, a chance of hearing among the six speakers who paid their tribute, both Robert Graves and once again Gordon Craig. The latter, who is also eighty, has a radio personality of hardly less distinction than Sir Max himself.

NAOMI LEWIS

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DANCERS OF BALI

IT was twenty-one years ago, in August, 1931, that I first saw and fell in love with the music and dance of Bali at the Exposition Coloniale in the Parc de Vincennes. And what a joy, at the Winter Garden, to be greeted by the genial and splendid personality of the Anak Agung Gde Mandera and to know that he is still at his post. His gamelan has indeed become superb.

In Paris, I was considerably puzzled by the number of characters who seemed to be taking part in the same drama; exquisite little girls, Baris dancers, magic beasts, furry and screaming witches. Almost every possible character in the island's stage repertoire seemed to be pitched into one huge Balinese stew. The present production does not wholly escape this desire to combine too many elements in one programme. Yet the result is a triumph. The abbreviated drama of the *Ketjak* (not quite correctly called a "trance dance") is most impressive, though I think that a form of lighting nearer to the flickering light of the great branching wooden torch which overhung the dancers one saw at Bedulu would add to the effect. Though one or two of the other dances seemed disproportionately long, this one might well have lasted longer. Serog, the clown, was superb and the Arjuna scenes were as good as anything in Bali itself. The Balinese love of humour and improvisation is well known: in their temple sculpture they feel no sense of sacrilege in presenting Buddha on a bicycle, an aeroplane being shot down by a peasant with a rifle or a cartful of fat officials running over a bony Balinese dog. Sampih, whom I knew as a child prodigy in Bali, is now an expert Baris dancer as well; and I think this role suits his dramatic gifts better. The Ni Gusti Raka is as good as she

was advertised to be, the Legong dance is the highlight of the evening. How that bird of evil portent, wildly fluttering its golden wings, lives in the memory!

Imagine the first impressions of someone unfamiliar with these sometimes infinitely long dances in the setting of a tropical night, when one could slip out for a doze or a bathe in the middle of a performance. As it is, we must be grateful to the Indonesian Government for having sponsored this tour and to Mr. John Coast, the producer, for contriving to preserve so many of its genuine elements.

BERYL DE ZOETE

"Affairs of State," at the Cambridge

M. Verneuil is the French Frederick Lonsdale: his exits rouse even the producer's enthusiasm, his parts cling to the actor like Savile Row suits, his comedies are impeccably made. For the domestic triangle beloved of French dramatists in the last century he has substituted the matrimonial quadrilateral. The result is a light dry little comedy set in Washington, D.C., empty of content but tingling with liveliness. The ex-Secretary of State is a white-haired downy old bird, a Talleyrand out of Harvard Law School. His wife, a Fifth Avenue Duchesse de Dino (Coral Browne) is in love with the suave young diplomat-turned-politician (Hugh Williams). To run for Governor, you need a domestic frontage. Why, the wife suggests, should her lover not make an original *mariage de convenance* and wed her plain niece (Joyce Redman)? Though the means are All Very French, the result is as blameless as the most purity-ridden voter could desire. An agreeable evening which owes most to Wilfrid Hyde White's superb performance as the fly old charmer. To see wit embodied not in the lines or the part or the situation but in the actor's personality is something rare in the English theatre. Mr. Hyde White's timing is certainly the best in London.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

THE DEATH PENALTY

SIR,—A serious situation appears to be developing in the use of capital punishment in this country. It is an understood thing that the use of the prerogative of mercy shall not be challenged in any individual case, for the many factors which must finally influence the Home Secretary's advice to the Crown cannot and should not be revealed. Nevertheless, it should be possible to question the use of the prerogative when a general trend in this can be observed.

The factors actuating the final decision must be individual to each case, but it is well established that murderers as a whole, and murders as a whole, do not vary in any general degree over a reasonable period. This is not to suggest that there are not outstandingly brutal, and outstandingly pathetic, murders from time to time, but the average of these remains constant. This constancy has been reflected in recent years in the almost constant use of mercy. Over ten years from 1937 to 1946 there were 226 murderers sentenced to death: and, of these, 124 were actually executed. This gave an average of 55 per cent executed and 45 per cent reprieved. In one of the bad war years (1942) the executions reached 72 per cent; in 1939 they had been as low as 36 per cent.

In 1947 the percentage of sentenced murderers actually executed was 35; in 1948 (during which there was a short period of automatic reprieve) 36 per cent of condemned murderers were executed. In 1949 this figure rose to 61 per cent; in 1950 it was 64 per cent; but, for 1951, the figures recently announced in Parliament show that of 25 condemned murderers only 5 were reprieved and 20 were executed—the highest figure we have had for many years.

If the excuse for this hardening of the situation were that this is intended to make the penalty more effectively deterrent, this would not only be wrong in principle, but would be without justification, as the actual number of adult murders for 1951 (124) was not above the average (127) of the last fifteen years.

The saddest aspect of all this is that, during the capital punishment controversy in 1948, when the House of Commons carried an amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill to remove the death penalty for an experimental period of five years (only to see this rejected by the House of Lords) it was felt that a growing opinion against the use of the death penalty would, in the absence of its suspension, be reflected in a widening use of the power of reprieve. This power was in fact used in all cases between the House of Commons debate in April 1948, and the middle of November of that year. A direct outcome of the debates on the subject was also the appointment of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment whose Report is now awaited. This Royal Commission was asked to consider in what ways the use of the death penalty in this country could be moderated. Moderation, it would appear, was thus in the official mind. It seems extraordinary that, when the State has asked a Royal Commission to seek ways of moderating the use of capital punishment it should, during the years the Commission has been sitting, indulge in a policy ending last year with the lowest number of reprieves in any year for at least a quarter of a century.

Weybridge, Surrey. FRANK DAWTRY

AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—Mr. Basil Davidson in his "Federation, Ltd.," argues that Central African Federation is a political device sponsored for their own advantage by commercial interests, some of which are making their headquarters in the territories. But Mr. Davidson has overlooked, or omitted, several important facts, which completely change the picture he has painted.

First, closer association of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland has been urged by the more far-sighted European inhabitants of the territories for a quarter of a century. The migration of the companies to which he refers has taken place only over the last

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two or three years, whereas the desire for closer association has been the long-standing aim of local European inhabitants themselves, and is to be referred to a referendum in S. Rhodesia next year.

Secondly, large commercial interests, far from welcoming or sponsoring any move towards closer association, have not previously been actively interested in the proposals.

Thirdly, one motive of the European inhabitants in wanting closer association has been in order to create a local Federal Government, stronger than any individual territorial government, which would be able, inter alia, to control more effectively commercial activity, including the companies in the area. This is entirely natural and parallels commercial development in the Dominions.

Fourthly, for the same reason—that is, to achieve a greater and more effective measure of local control—political leaders in the Rhodesias have been trying for over 20 years to get the largest companies domiciled locally. One additional reason for this endeavour is the feeling that they would thus get men of considerable experience who could be drawn into public life.

Fifthly, any reluctance of companies to move appears to have finally been overcome by the penal rate of taxation in this country, particularly as it affects mining interests. This is in line with the warnings which were given years ago by the chairman of the great overseas banks.

Sixthly, the change in the attitude of the companies concerned towards closer association between the territories is due to an appreciation of the changed situation. To mention only one, but the most important factor, they realise, as must all thinking people, that only a strong broad-based Federal Government in Central Africa will provide the necessary political stability to attract the additional capital without which further development of the region, to the benefit of all its inhabitants, cannot take place. On this point, it is surely common knowledge that recourse for some of the capital must be made to sources outside this country, particularly the U.S.

CHRISTOPHERS

By

JOHN COAST

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Finally, Mr. Davidson's slighting reference to "paper safeguards" suggests that he has not read carefully the White Paper proposals which leave the British Parliament as much in command of African affairs in N. Rhodesia and Nyasaland as it is to-day.

Mr. Davidson alleges a vast politico-financial conspiracy. The above facts contravene his thesis.

London Committee, J. H. WALLACE
United Central Africa Association. *Secretary*

FOOTBALL IN ART

SIR,—Unlike many other games, football has hitherto been generally neglected by artists in Britain. To remedy this, The Football Association has decided to hold a competition for painters, sculptors and graphic artists, the subject to be a game of Association football in England or any scene directly connected with it. In the autumn of 1953, on the occasion of the ninetieth anniversary of The Football Association, an exhibition of the best entries will be held in London, and it is hoped that some of the exhibits will provide the nucleus of a permanent display of works of art corresponding to that of cricket pictures at Lord's.

Prizes amounting to £3,000 will be awarded, and the entries will be judged by a committee of five, on which the following have kindly consented to serve: Sir Philip Hendy, Mr. Philip James, Sir Edward Marsh, Mr. Raymond Mortimer and Sir John Rothenstein. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, The Football Association.

The Football Association, ATHLONE
22 Lancaster Gate, W.2. *President*

ARTISTS AND PUBLIC

SIR,—John Berger wonders why the public stand indignant and puzzled before the pictures exhibited in the Festival Pleasure Gardens. I have listened to the reactions of the public during two careful surveys of this exhibition and I would say the public are right. Speaking as one of them I think these pictures are awful; it is right to be indignant at the prices and puzzled that they should be asked for these dull bits of paper.

I am genuinely worried about this business. Very few of the pictures are sold. I am one of the public who would be just able, financially, to spend the odd £20 a year on a picture—provided the artists could produce something that would attract. It may be that formlessness and muddy colourlessness are characteristics of our age, and therefore the artists must paint in these idioms. If so, what hope is there for me—or for them? I will get no pictures and they will starve, as artists traditionally have starved.

John Berger suggests a new synthesis is needed—on the part of the artists or the public? Perhaps he is right. The artists cannot be expected to compromise themselves, but surely there are wide areas of contemporary life which would provide pictures warm in colour and intriguing in design.

Seal, Kent. A. T. S. MCGHIE.

CABINET SECRECY

SIR,—Whatever the merits of your views on the question of Cabinet secrecy, your imagination has run riot in describing the authorities which I consulted.

Professor Berriedale Keith's standard work, from which, unless I am mistaken, I expressly quoted, is hardly "of the Gladstonian epoch," and Halsbury's *Laws of England*, which gives the law as at 1st September, 1932, and with which I checked my opinion before publishing it (See Vol. 6, para. 818 at pp. 633, 634) is kept up to date year by year by a cumulative supplement.

It would not be difficult to quote from half a dozen contemporary authorities (which you ignore) against Mr. Bevan's thesis. So far as I know, there is no respectable authority to be quoted in favour of it. Instead, we are being treated to a variety of elaborate tu quoques which the ingenuity of Bevanites can discover amongst the peccadilloes of Conservative ex-Cabinet Ministers.

I still have been unable to understand the relevance of the thesis even if it were correct. Whatever else Mr. Bevan was doing when he incurred Mr. Attlee's displeasure, he was neither explaining why he resigned nor citing material upon which he had disagreed with his colleagues. He was claiming personal credit for something to which he and the other members of the Cabinet had expressly agreed, and it is hardly surprising that this conduct created resentment amongst his colleagues.

I do not apologise for having cited Gladstonian precedents (even when on holiday). It so happens that they are treated as authoritative on this matter in most of the standard works on the subject which at least have the merit (which your paragraph has not) of having been written before the issue arose in its present form to excite partisanship and obscure scholarship.

House of Lords. HAILSHAM.

OIL IMPERIALISM

SIR,—Both in Egypt and Iran the classical approach of the Foreign Office has failed. The secret war for oil has been waged in the Middle East by monopolies more powerful than governments. As Harold Ickes said of the oil industry, it "can actually dictate to Congress and it is time to decide whether the oil industry is running this country exclusively for its own benefit."

The World Economic Report, 1949-50, said:

> The production rate of Middle East oil wells which aggregated 396 at the end of 1949, is high; their daily average was about 3,728 barrels per day, compared with an average of 11 barrels for 450,000 wells in the United States and 21 barrels for the world. In the Middle East royalties and tax payments ranged between 13 and 35 United States cents per barrel in 1948, while in Venezuela the average for 12 major oil companies was 86 cents. Recent royalty rates have been raised in several Middle Eastern countries, but their level is still well below that of Venezuela.

These revealing oil production figures are a much greater factor in the crisis in Iran than either the Tudeh Party or Dr. Mossadeq. The people in these lands are still beggars sitting on empty petrol cans. Huge doles to Sheiks are no answer to the social surges of the Middle East to-day.

The Labour Party should set out now to put in its programme the control of the oil industries. Not necessarily by means of nationalisation. Oil control is as important as atom-bomb control. The late Ernest Bevin was for world control of vital raw materials. Is the United Nations strong enough to stand up to world oil interests? The secret war for oil in the Middle East can precipitate the next World War. Remember, "A drop of oil is worth a drop of blood," so said Clemenceau.

House of Commons. HAROLD DAVIES

BLOOD ON THE BEACHES

SIR,—Blood on the Beaches—and blood on Hampstead Heath, too. This superb piece of common land, in its extent and situation unique in Europe, seems the Cinderella of County Hall. Its fringes slowly but steadily encroached upon for children's playgrounds, for Ministry of Transport car parks, and for permanent fair grounds, its surface is littered from end to end with broken glass. Let those who love it join in combating its progressive degradation: it is possible to catch louts breaking bottles, possible to prosecute them, possible to see that broken glass is picked up—if only enough people feel sufficiently strongly about these things to exert themselves in their democratic *duties*. GEOFFREY FLAVELL

22 Downshire Hill, N.W.3.

CORRECTION

SIR,—In this week's "London Diary" it is stated that Philip Toynbee writing in the *Observer* said that at Asolo he met a *Sunday Chronicle* correspondent and disappointed him with full details of his identity.

Last Sunday I read Philip Toynbee's letter very carefully and I have not the slightest doubt that he said that he left Asolo before the *Sunday Chronicle* correspondent arrived and that it was two friends who informed the correspondent that it was Toynbee and not Burgess who had been in Asolo.

Edinburgh. J. T. MCMAHON

[Critic apologises for a slip. It did not affect his point.—Ed. *N. S. & N.*]

Books in General

"People of the name of Tupman, very lately settled there, and encumbered with many low connexions, but giving themselves immense airs. . . . How they got their fortune nobody knows. They come from Birmingham, which is not a place to promise much, you know, Mr. Weston. One has not great hopes from Birmingham. I always say there is something direful in the sound. . . ."

WITH every word she speaks, Jane Austen's Mrs. Elton exposes herself as vulgar, ill-bred, pretentious, a snob; for all that, there is no ground for assuming that her creator would have seriously disagreed with her view of Birmingham and its inhabitants. To the outside world, Birmingham has commonly had a direful sound; the Tupmans have never known their place. Their behaviour in the Civil War made the town synonymous with Whiggish faction and religious dissent. The place-name became a smear-word: "'Twas coined by stealth, like groats at Birmingham," wrote Dryden; and the goods they made were labelled "Brummagem." Then, two centuries later, Birmingham came to stand for something else besides, succinctly, in Dickens's phrase, as "the town of dirt, ironworks, radicals, and hardware," and more grandiosely as the "insensate industrial town" of Mr. Lewis Mumford's apocalyptic imagination: "Cokeville, alias Smokeover, alias Mechanicsville," "the new urban emergent, the coal-agglomeration, which Patrick Geddes called the conurbation . . . neither isolated in the country nor attached to a historic core"; "the paleotechnic town"—for Mr. Mumford never lacks a choice of fine resounding damnatory words—which he invites us to examine "with eye, ear, nose, skin." It was not a test that Birmingham could meet.

But that was not all. No doubt in its distinctive qualities of Smokeover, Birmingham had little to fear from competition with Manchester and Salford or the almost archetypal conurbation of the Potteries; yet for the world which knew these only through books, they had to some extent been humanised by Mrs. Gaskell and Arnold Bennett. There was no novelist to humanise Tupman or his increasingly many "low connexions": J. H. Shorthouse manufactured his sulphuric acid by day and in his fiction retreated into the entrancements of Jacobean theological disputation. Shorthouse himself was one authentic aspect of Tupman, but not the aspect the world saw. "Birmingham," wrote an admiring American visitor in 1890, "is above all else a business city, run by business men on business principles"; and from 1870 to 1940 the nonsense business face of the Birmingham business man, like a face in expanding close-up on a cinema screen, loomed larger and larger in the national consciousness. In politics, the Birmingham man had taken over from the Manchester man; and though Tupman had a myriad faces those best known to the world outside were called Joseph, Austen and Neville.

Birmingham, then, is eminently the kind of phenomenon Carlyle used to call a Fact; and it is the essence of a Fact in Carlyle's sense that it should be unpleasant and yet inescapable. Accept it? Egad, you'd better. Now, in these splendidly conceived and for the most part admirably executed volumes,* imaginatively sponsored by the City Council as part of the centenary celebration of the municipal charter, we have the history of the Fact, and it is a story of extraordinary fascination.

As Professor Gill shows in his volume, which covers the growth of the town from its origins in Anglo-Saxon times until 1865, Birmingham as manor, village and town remained modest and sequestered for some six hundred years, its importance purely local, the sources of its wealth, which was potential rather than actual, being its geographical position, the iron and coal at hand, and the skills of its craftsmen. Edward VI founded a grammar school in 1552, the history of which has just been piously written by Mr. Hutton:† but the school remained unimportant nationally and not of tremendous weight even in the town until the nineteenth century, when it suddenly emerged as the mother of bishops, classical scholars, scientists, administrators, Burne-Jones and Sir William Slim.

It was in the seventeenth century that the town began to leap forward in importance, and perhaps the significant date is 1689, when legislation opened the manufacture of copper in all its branches to free competition: Birmingham, whose craftsmen were traditionally skilled in the working of iron, added the brass trade to its industries. When James I came to the throne the population was between two and three thousand; when Queen Anne died it was five times as large, and by then Archer's lovely St. Philip's Church, now the Cathedral and still the city's finest ornament, was almost finished. Thereafter, the story of the town may be reduced almost to population statistics: 35,000 inhabitants in 1760, 70,000 in 1801, 144,000 in 1831, 344,000 in 1871, 1,048,000 in 1938, 1,112,340 in 1951.

Behind this enormous growth lies the whole complex of technological innovation we call the Industrial Revolution. By the time we are halfway through Professor Gill's account of eighteenth-century Birmingham we realise we are reading an account of the development of a frontier town, a town on the industrial frontier. Long before we have finished Mr. Briggs's description of the vast nineteenth-century expansion we are inevitably thinking of the background of American novels like *The Financier* and *The Titan*. It is to the point to recall that, apart from a few churches, a Jacobean mansion, one or two outlying country houses, a score or two of Regency villas and a row of cottages here and there, there is very little in Birmingham much earlier than what survives of Chicago before the Fire. When we seek a comparison for the city it should not be with Bath or even Bristol, but precisely with Chicago, Pittsburgh and Detroit. Henry James's famous outburst on the subject of America in the nineteenth century, his list of "the elements of high civilisation, as it exists in other countries, which are absent from the texture of American life," could have been almost as well prompted by the spectacle of Birmingham.

If the analogy with the growth of the United States and the development of the frontier is correct, then the Jeffersonian period of the town was the second half of the eighteenth century. Certainly it is the most pleasant to contemplate, with its humanitarianism that built the General Hospital and maintained it partly by triennial musical festivals, and its engaging group of *philosophes*, the Lunar Society. The spirit of disinterested inquiry that joined together men like Joseph Priestley, Boulton, Watt, Galton, Erasmus Darwin, Small, Keir, Thomas Day, Edgeworth, Murdock—divines, manufacturers, bankers, engineers, medical men, soldiers and gentlemen of leisure—quite transcended the theological and political differences that normally divided the town. The expression in industry of this group was the Boulton and Watt foundry at Soho, where at the turn of the century probably as many as half a dozen Fellows of the Royal Society were employed at one time.

Of the men who made up the Society many were self-made and all were naturally independent in spirit; they owed little to London, and looked beyond it, to Paris and Philadelphia. Boulton, Galton and Baskerville alone were local men, a fact that was a pointer to the future. For close on a century Birmingham was to continue to attract to itself a certain kind of talent from outside, almost as irresistibly as the frontier drew the adventurous of New England and the original thirteen states. Birmingham, like Mr. MacLeish's America, was "promises"; and among those to whom it promised and gave much was Joseph Chamberlain himself.

The independence remained, too; indeed, without an appreciation of it it is impossible to understand Birmingham. In the second volume of this history, Mr. Briggs writes as follows on the great Birmingham Unitarian families:

> They were families, as well as individuals, conscious of their birthright, and well established in local life. In national life, however, they were still on the offensive, seeking to redress old grievances, still angry at the sight of social privilege and the insolence of class.

This is no less true of the Quaker and Baptist families of the town. Knowing they were beholden to no one but themselves, they were aggressively anti-feudal, anti-aristocratic. Pride in themselves meant pride in their town. They were not anti-working class, for Birmingham was largely a town of small employers in which skilled artisans were constantly trying their luck as employers themselves, employers who went on working at the bench. Politically, throughout the century, employers made common cause with their workers, and their paternalism towards them was an expression of the sense of obligation their faiths fostered.

It is here, of course, that the parallel between Birmingham and nineteenth century industrial America breaks down. One cannot substitute Birmingham for America in the famous remark "The business of the United States is business." However much Professor Gill's and Mr. Briggs's pages may recall the urban background of a Dreiser novel, we never find Cowperwood in the picture. The tycoon is missing. Instead, there is Joseph Chamberlain making his fortune, teaching in Sunday School and revolutionising the amenities of the town, activities that went

* *History of Birmingham*. Vol. I. Manor and Borough to 1865. By CONRAD GILL. Vol. II. Borough and City 1865-1938. By ASA BRIGGS. *Oxford*. 63s.

† *King Edward's School, Birmingham, 1552-1952*. By T. W. HUTTON. *Blackwell*. 25s.

together; and here Chamberlain was typical of his fellow-industrialists large and small.

What they made of the town is another matter. A contemporary, quoted by Mr. Briggs, commented on the energy and enthusiasm that animated the Town Council in the 'Sixties:

> Sometimes an adventurous orator would excite his audience by dwelling on the glories of Florence and the other cities of Italy in the middle ages, and suggest that Birmingham, too, might become the home of a noble literature and art.

Henry James, that self-divided American, knew that "it takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature." So far, the significant history of Birmingham has been brief. To criticise it is to criticise the last hundred years or so of our national history. It was not wise of Mrs. Elton to feel so superior to Mr. Tupman: he was a portent. He as much as anyone made us, for good or ill, what we are; and whatever future exists for us still depends on him—and on his "low connexions."

WALTER ALLEN

POÈTE MAUDIT

Mad as metaphor
You, Rimbaud, once. O petit amasseur des rentes,
When you buried the god, did all the marvellous rant
Stop, or still seek in you the saviour?

You who were language to a field,
And a wood's identity walking, who heard silence
And stones become birds when you were the all once
And worlds in words of glass revealed.

Was there other sanity
After all that, you a dead-eyed man
With the vision of a levelled gun,
And all the inanity?

Adding all that never shows
Into a tradesman's ledger, the weeping nail-holes
Of your palms and the wings off your bloody heels
And your forehead of dead roses;

You who opened like a rose
In the suffering heart of contemplation
Where the poet oozes blood that's not his own,
You, the flower and the cross,

You, harmony of agony
And the agony of harmony beyond thought,
Poet, when you buried the god, did Nothing still seek you out
In the night like sweat, a dark anxiety?

And maunder on and on
In its no-language, fumbling for the ghost
Inside you, that wild metaphor of the lost
And living god you buried under stone?

PADRAIC FALLON

PERSIAN DIPTYCH

The young poet Mahmud Hussein is in love
With a single single rose. Turning his back
To the city, deaf to the thousand voices
Of distraction, he spreads his prayer-mat before
The ideal flower, sits, and is lost instantly
In profound contemplation. This is Mahmud
In his twenty-first year, wearing the blue robe
And sheepskin of the scholar.

Here you see him
At the same age ten years later. He has now
Changed his name to Attar, and is exquisite
In green silk shot with poppy. Swaying slightly
From the hips, he walks through the crowded city
In love with a young poet. The flower-maidens
Titter as they pass, and call him "our Rosie":
And he smiles at each with extreme gentleness.

A. H. PAUL

THE BARDIC STRAIN

Heroic Poetry. By C. M. BOWRA. *Macmillan.* 40*s*.

When we read the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* we tend to think of their uniqueness, and unique they are, for sheer poetic quality, but it is well to be reminded that they belong to a vast family of oral narrative poems, a family which is still being added to today. Anyone who reads Sir Maurice Bowra's book will learn a great deal about that family—and should then turn back to Homer with a still greater admiration and perhaps with greater understanding. And what a strange family it is, from the Babylonian-Assyrian *Gilgamish*, parts of which are at least four thousand years old, to *The Tale of Lenin* composed by Marfa Kryukov, daughter of a line of bards. In heroic poetry gulfs of time and place cannot hide the family resemblances and Sir Maurice dwells at length on these ever-recurring characteristics, yet, local colour apart, the variety within the form is almost equally striking. The style of the *Song of Roland* is very different from the "kenninga" of *Beowulf* and the atmosphere of the *Elder Edda* would have choked the authors of the *Cid* and the *Iliad*. And, while many of the many quotations in this book represent "the mixture as before," there are others which have that individual freshness which bards as bards may lack but which poets as poets have shown the world over through history. Such are the Ainu verses, translated by Arthur Waley:—

> And coming from the sea
> A pleasant breeze blew on me and the sea
> Was wrinkled like a reed-mat.

While it owes much to experts such as H.M. and N. K. Chadwick, *Heroic Poetry* is a feat of documentation. Some may deplore the baldness of Sir Maurice's prose, but the book without any frills is nearly six hundred pages long and frills, he may also have felt, might have tended to impair the evidence. In chapter after chapter, such as "The Hero," "The Mechanics of Narrative," "The Technique of Composition: Language," that evidence is ruthlessly marshalled. And the conclusion?

> Of all branches of literature, except the song, it seems to last the longest, and to maintain its character with the least changes. It seems to endure so long as men hold a certain view of life and have reached sufficient detachment to be able to enjoy imaginary tales of great actions, without worrying too much about their ulterior significance. . . . Because it is so certain of its values and displays them in concrete, persuasive shapes, it has a strength denied to many more sophisticated forms of art.
>
> The poets assay their tasks with undivided minds, with no doubts or reservations, and the result is a delightful simplicity which misses nothing in its subject but presents everything with a steady eye and a steady mind.

Not everyone indeed can enjoy such "delightful simplicity" and much of its delight must be lost in translation but most people still relish a story for the sake of a story while surprisingly many people, such as all modern Cretans and some English public schoolboys, still retain an epic set of values.

In view of the bardic stress on action and the little space allowed by the bards for contemplation or for lyrical suggestiveness, it is not surprising to hear that "though the Chinese possessed the seeds of a heroic poetry, they did not allow them to grow." Much of Sir Maurice's evidence is drawn from primitive pastoral peoples such as the Kalmucks and Yakuts whose poetry "reflects a whole society as hardly any other poetry does, and this is possible because such societies are composed on very simple lines." But he distinguishes such primitive heroic poetry from two other types, the "proletarian" as in Russia, and the "aristocratic" as in *Gilgamish*, *Beowulf*, *Roland*, the *Cid*, and above all in Homer. We cannot but agree with him that this third type, though not the oldest, is the highest; *Gilgamish*, of which I knew nothing, definitely emerges in these pages as a noble and exciting work. Heroic poetry itself is not the oldest kind of poetry but "seems to be a development of narrative from a magical to a more anthropocentric outlook." This in itself was an advance; magician heroes, such as those of the *Kalevala*, are not only unsporting but boring. The heroes of heroic poetry do on occasion, of course, perform impossible feats like the hero of an Ossete poem who has himself tied to an arrow and shot into an enemy fortress but this is acceptable, being, as Aristotle might put it, an impossibility but a probable one—probable because in character.

"The calamities of heroic poetry," says Sir Maurice, "are seldom treated in a truly tragic spirit." We might argue that the death of Hector is an exception but the principle seems to be true; Gunnar playing his harp in the snake pit is not tragic in the sense that Antigone or Hippolytus or Othello (though not Coriolanus?) is tragic; it is perhaps that these primitive heroes are too sheer toughs for tragedy; they *want* a violent world and a violent death is their birthright. Similarly, lyrical beauty is incidental to, not basic in, this poetry. But how charming some of these incidentals are: "His look was like the midnight's look" or Guthrun's grief over the death of Sigurth:—

> In a swoon she sank when Sigurth died;
> So hard she smote her hands together
> That all the cups in the cupboard rang,
> And loud in the courtyard cried the geese.

Or the Kalmuck description (with an Audenesque conceit in the last line) of a great lady:—

> She is bright as the red and yellow sun at its rising,
> She is radiant as the fiery, yellow sun in its ascent.
> In her light clouds disappear,
> In her look you can watch over a herd of horses.
> If she looks afar, you can count the small fish in the sea.

Or the description from a Russian *bylina* of a very special garment:—

> The buttons were shaped as brave young men,
> The loops were shaped as lovely maidens:
> When they were buttoned, they were locked in close embrace,
> When they were unbuttoned, they merely kissed.

Now, if we turn back to Homer, what is the secret of his pre-eminence? It is partly that the Homeric world is so superior not only to the world of the Kalmucks and their like but also to that of *Beowulf* or *Roland*. But it is also largely a question of form and here, as often in more sophisticated poetry, the language has benefited from the rigour of the metre which,

> is why Homer has far more formulae than even the most formulaic poets from other countries. For them relatively easy metres allowed a degree of free composition; for the Greeks free composition was almost out of the question, and the formula must always be ready to help.

From which, as Sir Maurice says, "a paradox emerges." These continually recurring formulae far from stifling the poetry, allow an extraordinary range of true poetic effects. Sir Maurice suggests that Homer, with "centuries of oral performance" behind him, may have come to place "some reliance on writing" while retaining his oral technique. But the paradox is still there to puzzle us—and to puncture many facile generalisations.

LOUIS MACNEICE

VEILED GENIUS

Vermeer. By LAWRENCE GOWING. *Faber.* 50*s*.

This is the best book on Vermeer. To say so is not to praise it as it deserves to be praised. To call a book the best on Rembrandt, Leonardo or Titian is to call it excellent. But Vermeer has been wretchedly served by criticism. This is partly his own fault, because he kept himself to himself, protesting against any encroachment on his privacy. Writers have done their best to spin out the thin facts. They have embroidered his life with fiction, with irrelevant documents, prepared to go to any lengths to make it picturesque. Professor Gowing dismisses the events of Vermeer's life in two paragraphs. We turn to them hopefully, convinced that we can twist them into some shape. "In 1663," we read, "a French traveller visited him and found the painter had no picture to show. His baker had one, of a single figure, but it was expensive. In 1667 a Dutch

publisher . . ." but it is no use, the facts refuse to take wing.

So we are driven back on the pictures, a meagre thirty-five covering about eighteen years of research. Of course he painted on an average more than two pictures a year, and there lies just the trouble: the links between one stage and the next are missing. "Portfolio of Vermeer Drawings Discovered" is the headline we dream about but no drawing has ever come to light. We cannot progress, as we can with other artists, from one half-formed idea to the next and so recreate a personality; we are never allowed to lift the veil to discover how those thirty-five perfect statements were arrived at. We resent the jump from one finished product to the next, just as we resent the change we notice in a great friend whom we have not seen for some time, because we have not shared the experience that occasioned the change.

Ever since Thoré rediscovered him a hundred years ago, efforts have been made by both historians and artists to lift the veil from Vermeer's face. Historians are not good at filling the gaps in information with guesswork about a profession they do not practise. Artists are all too apt when they take up a pen to become woolly or autobiographical. Professor Gowing is in the privileged position of being both historian and artist and nicely avoids the pitfalls of both, though I suspect him of poking fun at the expert here and there in passages that verge on parody of the expert's style. As a historian he is willing to delve into Dutch art reference libraries in search of prototypes for Vermeer's themes, and into obscure periodicals for any scrap of information he can pick up. As an artist, he knows that even after he has made up his mind where the motifs come from, what the mask on the table and the laurel wreath in the hair signify, in what year the picture was painted and whether the points of light on the brick façade describe form or are arbitrary—even when he has decided all these points, he knows the picture still needs explaining. There it is on the wall in front of him, neatly docketed, labelled; the nape of the neck stems from Ter Borch, the tilt of the arm from Metsu ("see Sulzberger in *Kunsthistorische Mededelingen*, 1948, 3"); the date is 1665, or possibly 1666. For all that, it withholds its secret.

The book is divided into two parts: an introduction by Lawrence Gowing and a commentary on the pictures by Professor Gowing. There are passages in the first part where the meaning is lost in a brave struggle to express what will not take the shape of words, where phrases are stacked up with adjectives and adverbs and qualifications, to camouflage doubt. I felt this particularly in the later part of the section headed "The Mature Style." But when his idea is comparatively simple—still by no means simple—the writing is crisp. The best section of all is that devoted to Vermeer's perceptual approach to the forms of nature, which, expressed in just this way, is new to criticism:—

> Vermeer seems almost not to care, or not even to know, what it is that he is painting. What do men call this wedge of light? A nose? A finger? What do we know of its shape? To Vermeer none of this matters, the conceptual world of names and knowledge is forgotten, nothing concerns him but what is visible, the wedge of light.

Behind sentences like this lurk the rich shadows of Sickert and Bloomsbury.

Scarcely less remarkable is the section headed "His Subject," where Professor Gowing points out the significance of Vermeer's recurrent themes, and makes a real contribution to the literature of art-history by relating the subject-matter of the pictures hanging on the walls of Vermeer's rooms to the human dramas enacted, in so much more reticent and dignified a manner, in the rooms themselves.

In the second part devoted to the Commentary, so formidable are the bibliographical references, so well armoured the reasoning, that we tend to forget that the author also possesses a most subtle sensibility—until suddenly Lawrence Gowing the painter will step back to remind us of this: as when in a mere footnote comparing Vermeer to Caspar Netscher he drops for a moment the German periodical and the professional tone, to startle us with an imaginative phrase: "the marbling of the virginals in the *Lady Seated* in the National Gallery has the kind of life which a Sung painter might discover in the leaves of bamboo."

BENEDICT NICOLSON

CLOTHES AND UNDERCLOTHES

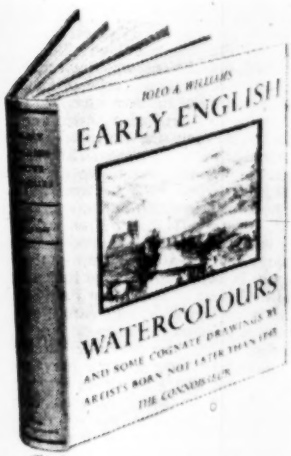
Englishwomen's Clothing in the Present Century. By C. WILLETT CUNNINGTON. *Faber.* 73s. 6d.

The History of Underclothes. By C. WILLETT and PHILLIS CUNNINGTON. *Michael Joseph.* 30s.

English Costume: from the Second Century B.C. to 1950. By DOREEN YARWOOD. *Batsford.* 35s.

Our clothes are so intensely personal to us that it would be a poor psychologist who could not deduce at least some significant fact from a rummage through any of our cupboards. Every article of clothing that we buy is an expression (however obscure) of an idea (however misguided) that we have about ourselves; and, naturally, none of these ideas, when strained through the psychologist's sieve, is anything to our credit. The neat cupboard full of well-treed shoes no doubt makes him smile as significantly as the drawer full of tumbled artificial flowers and dirty stockings. As to the shapes of hats and the cut of garments—why we prefer one for a year or two and then discard it for another—all this is no longer the innocent matter we once thought it, but the new and rich material of mass psychology.

All this makes clothes, if possible, more fascinating than before—a fact which Dr. Cunnington long ago, and with robust delight, discovered. He would not, probably, describe



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CONSTABLE

himself as a psychologist. He is a physician whose magpie acquisitiveness made him also a collector—of women's clothing; and the richness of his collection, as it grew and grew though the years, made him at length one of our foremost interpreters of clothes psychology. He has written many books on the subject, some slight, some profound. His splendid masterpiece, *English-women's Clothing in the Nineteenth Century*, now has a sequel and companion volume, which, though necessarily less gorgeous in its illustrations, is equally absorbing. Perhaps even more so, for the new volume has also the fascination of horror: not only our mothers', but also our own clothes are seen under the microscope.

At the beginning there are, however, a few years which one can unashamedly enjoy. The spirited extravagance and display of the Edwardian woman of fashion provide, as Dr. Cunnington nostalgically observes, "a Turneresque sunset to the costume glories of the past." The lace tea-gowns, the Ascot hats like trays of roses, the divine condescension of the female form when sheathed in the straight-fronted corset, are as unnaturally beautiful as anything the Elizabethans evolved. Never, surely, has any period invented a style more artificial, fantastic, and enchanting. And never, perhaps, in any period have women been more uncomfortable. The struggle with tight shoes and kid gloves far too small, the agony of those huge hats on a windy day, of necks encased in net and bone, and the perpetual and exhausting discomfort of the long corset and the skin-tight tailor-made. The fashionable Edwardian woman was comfortable only once a day, when she escaped with a sigh from these tortures into a tea-gown, which was soft, draped and kind to whalebone bruises.

The trend towards ugly utilitarianism (which seems, alas, to be synonymous with comfort) had begun, as Dr. Cunnington points out, before the 1914 war, and was in fact a product of the Suffragette movement. Yet, if this is so, why should the period of women's most violent struggle for emancipation have produced one of the most restricting fashions ever known, the incredible hobble skirt, in which "one might see in the streets women trying in vain to mount the step into an omnibus"? The history of fashion is full of such anomalies.

It is also, as we draw nearer to our own period, full of tiny emotional shocks. We begin to *remember* the pointed toes and exaggerated Louis heels, the curious melon-shaped busts, high-buttoned cloth boots and egg-shaped hair-do's of our mothers; and in the twenty years between the wars—good Heavens!—the whole hideous gamut of the sack-shaped jumper suit, the knee-length beaded evening gown, the cloche hat! How did we ever make friends, let alone get married, in such damaging disguises?

Another discouraging fact emerges from this book. Now that it is no longer socially permissible to advertise rank or wealth through the medium of clothing (a function which costume has always performed in the past) the historian of clothes as well as the psychologist must direct his attention to the widely popular, the mass-produced. The lady is no longer the criterion, and the extravagant beauty of a Dior evening gown, which may cost as much as £500, can tell us nothing about the taste of the masses. As a result, the latter-day fashions which Dr. Cunnington somewhat distastefully examines, have, in the illustrations, an inexpressible air of commonness, which is no doubt psychologically correct and sound, but still, depressing. One cannot imagine posterity enjoying these slacks, head-scarves and platform soles as we enjoy the fantasies of the Victorians.

When Dr. Cunnington's own work is finally assessed, it is possible that his *History of Underclothes*, which he has written in collaboration with his wife, Dr. Phillis Cunnington, may emerge as his most original contribution to the study of costume. It covers a field which no one else has had the patience or the knowledge to explore. It surveys the underclothing of both sexes, from the Middle Ages to the nineteen-thirties, and the functions it has performed, which are more numerous than one might at first suppose. At different periods it has been expected to keep the body warm, give shape to the outer garments, protect the top clothes from the unwashed skin, convey erotic suggestion, and indicate class distinction. Today nylon and air travel, lack of servants and the iniquity of laundries have combined to change our underclothing habits, probably for ever.

If only all the costume knowledge in the world could be compressed into one handy volume, suitable for schools! Such was evidently the thought in Miss Doreen Yarwood's mind when she embarked on her *English Costume: from the Second Century B.C. to* 1950, and decided to illustrate it herself. Alas, it cannot be done. To try and cover everything, from the Roman toga to the Bikini bathing suit, and be accurate about them all, is to bite off more than author and reader can chew; and when the text is peppered with more than 500 illustrations by someone who—not to put too fine a point upon it—cannot draw, the result is not easily digestible. Still, the book is likely to have some popularity in school libraries.

MARGARET LANE

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On Dreams. By SIGMUND FREUD. Translated by JAMES STRACHEY. *Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis.* 9s. 6d.

The Psychology of Pierre Janet. By ELTON MAYO. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.

Anna O., though she never achieved even eponymous fame, was undoubtedly the start of it all. In 1880 she was treated by Breuer for a paralysis of hysterical origin. Under hypnosis she recalled certain events of her past life—events of which she had normally no remembrance—bearing, it appeared, a formal connection with the symptoms of her illness. Moreover, Breuer noted that the revival of a particular memory was followed by the disappearance of the associated symptom. Ten years later Freud, newly returned from the Salpêtrière, engaged Breuer's interest in a joint work, and in 1895 appeared *Studien uber Hysterie*, in which Anna O. duly made her appearance as Case I. Here the claim was advanced for the first time, in modern terms, that when a damaging emotional experience reached physical expression, the form it would take was determined within fairly narrow limits. The affect did not break out any old how, but in a particular manner, whose derivation Freud and Breuer thought they could discern.

So it all began. As Dr. Clara Thompson says of Anna, under hypnosis "the patient began to talk": and one has the impression that, patients and analysts alike, they have all gone on talking—interminably persuading, justifying, arguing, explaining, ever since. But one element has been missing in the general hubbub. The history of the psychoanalytic movement itself and the development of psychoanalytic theories have been scantily treated (of the history, Freud's early sketch, and his "Autobiographical Study" remain the most useful, unfair though they are in important respects. Two volumes of Dalbiez, translated in 1941, deal valiantly with the theory, but somewhat cursorily with its development). Dr. Thompson, who now supplies a great deal of what was missing, is obviously well qualified for the task. She has great sympathy for her material, and scrupulously avoids misrepresentation, yet she is sufficiently out of step to feel no compulsion to write an apologia. A further advantage is that her opinions have already run the gauntlet of undergraduate attention in two universities. What has survived this onslaught is eminently defensible, decently written, and comprehensible.

Her method is to take the articles of the psychoanalytic creed in turn: Unconscious Processes and Repression, Character Structure, Resistance and Transference, Anxiety, and so on. As each comes under scrutiny she notes the development of Freud's own thought and that of his close followers. Orthodoxy varied from one year to the next, and she is painstaking in her description of the differences which led to the formation and detachment of other schools.

There are two excellent chapters on Freud's biological and cultural theories, and Dr. Thompson passes then to a detailed consideration of the deviations which, from the start, were a feature of the psychoanalytic movement. She considers them in three periods—the major defections of Adler and Jung around 1912; the developments of the 1950's—Rank, Ferenczi, Reich; and lastly, the "cultural" analysts—Horney, Fromm, Sullivan. She does not conceal her own attachment to the latter group, and her summing-up of the earlier controversies is largely in terms of their relevance to the cultural issue. "Much that Freud believed to be innate biological human nature was to a great extent a reaction to European culture," she remarks, and, again, "the difficulties attendant on repressed sexuality were a more prevalent preoccupation in the 1890's than they are today."

This emphasis on the exogenous factors in mental illness is, of course, part of the general climate of modern psychological thought—rightly, I think, since they are more immediately open to control. Psychoanalysis, like mental testing, was a product of the turn of the century, and in both of them can be discerned a preoccupation with the fixed characteristics of human nature—fixed not necessarily in the sense of unalterable, but in the sense that alteration will only occur in a fixed direction. It is to Dr. Thompson's credit that she has avoided posing this question in the narrow framework of the nature-nurture controversy. The absence of polemic in her book is in welcome contrast to the caterwauling of an earlier generation of analysts. There is a short and well-chosen bibliography, which contains one admirably pointed misprint. Among Freud's works is listed "The Echo and the Id": someone less cowardly might make something of this.

It is a happy circumstance for the reviewer of Dr. Thompson's book that Freud's semi-popular

work *On Dreams* has been published in a new (and excellent) translation, for this fifty-year-old book belongs to what is rapidly taking on the appearance of a golden age. True, Josef Breuer had already found it impossible to reconcile himself to the road which Freud was taking ("his self-confidence and powers of resistance," noted the latter in an access of charity, "were not developed so fully as the rest of his mental organisation"), but the period of bitter and sadly public personal strife was yet to come. During these years many of the most important books and papers appeared. By 1900, the stage of clinical observation, sustained and as yet detached, was about to make way for a more concerted account of the origin of neurosis. The *Interpretation of Dreams*, published in that year, and *On Dreams*, a much shorter version which followed it in 1901, mark the break. *On Dreams* is written in non-technical language, and its brevity prevents the piling up of illustrative material which marked the longer work. It is to be regarded as an introduction only, but one greatly superior to the episodic and inaccurate digests which well-meaning publishers have already provided.

> A number of papers and newspaper articles have reached me from France, . . . which often make the most inaccurate assertions in regard to my relations with the French school. I read, for instance, that I made use of my visit to Paris to familiarise myself with the theories of Pierre Janet and then made off with my booty.

Thus Freud in the last years of his life. Professor Elton Mayo's *The Psychology of Pierre Janet* is a welcome reminder that Freud was not alone in finding inspiration in Charcot's clinic at the Salpêtrière. Though Janet's name is perhaps less well known than those of Jung, Adler or half a dozen other fashionable figures, his writings will be consulted when theirs are forgotten. In science, nothing stinks like stale theory—reputations decay precisely to the extent to which the preservative of factual observation is outweighed by the bulk of perishable theory. The late Professor Mayo was well aware of this and has rightly laid stress on the meticulous descriptions which Janet recorded of every phase of his patients' activities. These records, for the most part untranslated, contain the classical descriptions of hysteria and, more topically, the obsessional neurosis. For, as Professor Mayo points out, "the world is less suggestible than it used to be and more obsessive." Obsessional neurosis can, at any rate, be regarded as the occupational disease of the intellectual, and readers of this journal who find the extreme suggestibility of the hysteric remote from their own experience, may recognise a more familiar demon in Janet's picture of the obsessional character.

BERNARD HARRIS

CHARMING ANACHRONISM

The Aga Khan. By STANLEY JACKSON. *Odhams.* 15*s.*

The living incarnation of Mohammed has made a most adequate best of two worlds. His has been a life of astonishing range and variety. He has dined with Queen Victoria (and been startled by her hearty appetite) and he has seen one of his sons married, after gallons of eau-de-Cologne had been poured into the bathing-pool, to Miss Rita Hayworth (a recent newspaper misprint described her as a "firm actress," which may well be so). He has been President of the League of Nations Assembly and has been weighed in gold; for the benefit of the curious, 15 stone 10 lb. tots up to £25,125. He has had five Derby winners (could anything have endeared him more to the British public?) and has been the subject of numerous colourful legends: it was said that his bath water was carefully bottled and sold to the faithful and that boat-loads of mangoes followed him to Europe in case he should experience, during his protracted visits, a sudden longing for this subacid and juicy fruit. He has been weighed in diamonds, disappointingly on loan from the London Diamond Syndicate and reaching India, not in glittering caskets and on board an argosy but in dull, plastic, bullet-proof boxes and between the armoured sides of H.M.S. Derbyshire (17 stone 5½ lb. of diamonds works out at £640,000). Everything has been on the grand scale: an African hunting trip began on a vast flying boat which took off from Marseilles laden with caviare, foie gras and champagne; neither silver finger bowls had been forgotten, nor the rose petals to float on the water they contained. He has been married four times, one Begum having previously been voted Miss France 1930.

Mr. Jackson's book is factual, vivid and entertaining. It does full justice to the Aga Khan's grip of affairs and, however much of a genial absentee he might be (Aga Hall compared poorly with the Ritz), to his conscientious efforts to educate and improve the lot of the sometimes unhappy peoples whose spiritual leader he is. His admiration for Britain and his temperament made it only natural that he should have advocated patience and the *status quo* in a violently transitional period, and it was only natural that this should have been resented; it is doubtful if Epsom means much to the average Indian and it was not easy to rejoice in Blenheim's success when the increasing power of the Hindus and the urge for self-government were rather nearer home. The unofficial ambassador to the West found himself becoming increasingly unofficial and, possibly, a little out of touch. "I am shocked to see how thin the people of India are," he was able to declare, "I want to teach people to get more value out of their food."

The forty-ninth direct descendant of the Prophet might play bacarrat but somehow, as Mr. Jackson says, "it seemed no more shocking than watching a curate at croquet." He has been generous with his wealth, he has been kindly and courteous and beloved. He has done immense service to the breeding of racing stock, rewarded by honorary membership of the Jockey Club. He is now, alas, in failing health, with one of his ambitions still unachieved: he has never been quite as skilful at golf as he would have wished to be, a typically British failing. As to his character, let us leave his daughter-in-law with the last word, or, rather, with two homely phrases which would find an echo in many hearts. "He is very sweet," she is quoted as saying, "I think he's lovely."

ARTHUR MARSHALL

LATIN AMERICAN MIX-UP

The Twelve Republics. By M. FOLLICK. *Williams & Norgate.* 18*s.*

The twelve republics extend from Mexico to Colombia and include Cuba and the two countries that share Hispaniola. The purpose of Dr. Follick's visit was to persuade them to join the Interparliamentary Union. "To join this association of peoples," he says, "the country in question must function under a properly elected parliament." The field is a poor one, for most of these governments are like Venezuela in *Green Mansions*: "We call it a republic, not only because it is not one, but also because a thing must have a name." Dr. Follick understands this and his political characterisations are realistic. Honduras is shown to be almost entirely dependent on the United Fruit Company. Señor Somoza of Nicaragua is not President but merely decides what happens. President Trujillo of the Dominican Republic allows proper elections and then changes any members he finds unsuitable. If the Interparliamentary Union were in a critical mood it might also feel uneasy about the gunplay in Colombia in 1948 and the *coup d'état* of the same year in Venezuela. But all were invited to join, even Cuba. Even Panama.

Dr. Follick advocates a federation of the republics: "in every sense, geographically, ethnologically, racially and industrially, they are ideal for federation." He points out that Catholicism and the Spanish language provide a basis, and criticises the politicians' parochial outlook. But why should predominantly Negro Haiti wish to associate with those countries where Negroes are despised? Why should El Salvador, enjoying a measure of stability, plunge into the political maelstrom of the Caribbean? There are millions of Indians on the mainland who are virtually unaware of their nationality; are they ready for federation? In any case, federation would simply provide one more constitution, to be broken with the usual appalling facility. One wants to know the underlying causes of disorder, but these Dr. Follick does not fully explore.

On the dust jacket there are solemn words about historical and economic development but the preface more accurately offers us "a dash of history every now and again, some geography, a bit of romancing and descriptions of the things I saw, heard, and did." "What a mix-up it is," says Dr. Follick; and writing with attractive gusto he packs in much interesting miscellaneous information. He devotes considerable space to modern politicians and past buccaneers, and ranges from voodoo to Cornelius Vanderbilt, from the Empress Josephine to cigar-making. On certain topics (such as oil in Venezuela) he writes with great point but in some pages, one feels, nothing is missing except the essentials. The capitals are described, but in this part of the world they are even less representative of their countries than usual. There is a chapter on Mexico which does not deal with the land question or the Indians; a discussion of the effects of American treasure on Spain which does not mention inflation; no reference anywhere to the problems of monoculture or to population trends.

More serious, there are many errors of fact. The American continent is not twice the size of Asia and the Pacific currents do not all move eastwards—the Kon-Tiki showed this. Cortés did not burn his ships and he was not helped by the Toltecs (who no longer existed). Mexico may be "wealthy and prosperous", but it should be added that most Mexicans live in great poverty. Such carelessness mars a book which, though

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slight, is sincere and entertaining. There are unfortunately no photographs, and a map would help both reader and author.

"One curious fact," Dr. Follick writes, "although I have never been able to understand it, is that, as far as the [Panama] Canal is concerned, the eastern outlet is more to the west than the western outlet."

DEREK POOLE

NEW NOVELS

Goddess Island. By GEORGES BLOND. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Deceivers. By JOHN MASTERS. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Happy Returns. By ANGELA THIRKELL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

> And as the smart ship grew
> In stature, grace and hue,
> In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

Hardy's Converging Twain may well have inspired the pattern of M. Blond's exciting and unusual book. This saga of seals and men can scarcely be called a novel. Rather, it is an adventure in the strangest of animal kingdoms, a world of fog, mist and bleak polar beauty. Goddess Island, a heap of volcanic rock ringed by a strip of black surf, lies in the Bering Sea. In the summer months it is inhabited by herds of fur seals, fighting bloodily for harems and squatters' rights, then breeding and raising their young, and eventually swimming southwards in huge convoys for the winter. Such a setting must be firmly established before any narrative can be effective, and M. Blond's introductory chapters are superb. Grunting, rutting, preening themselves with their flippers, or roaring defiance while tearing lumps of flesh from one another in single combat, the republic of seals comes vividly and horrifyingly to life.

Meanwhile, like the liner's relation to the iceberg in Hardy's poem, the seals await their discovery by men. Shayffrin, a Russian explorer in the reign of Catherine the Great, has heard Eskimo tales of the island and decides to go and search for it. The account of his expedition—the initial failure and patient re-planning, the shipbuilding and rough navigation—alternate with descriptive passages that complete the cycle of the seals' year. As Shayffrin's four ships close in on the island the tension increases. M. Blond maintains it beautifully, giving us a thick fog and a hint of mutiny before he slowly lifts the veil. Shayffrin's seamen sight land and untold wealth at almost the same moment. They run berserk to and fro upon the sands, clubbing and stoning the defenceless creatures in hundreds. The fourteen-page description of this massacre is one of the most moving and horrible chapters in modern fiction.

As a book about seals and their killers, *Goddess Island* is magnificent. As a novel, it is less successful, for it suffers from a number of tiresome etceteras in the way of sub-plot and digression. M. Blond handles the bizarre vividly and with ease; his mammals and Eskimos are "naturals." It is civilisation—even the faint simulacrum of it that was Eastern Siberia in 1775—that bogs him down. Anxious to get to the heart of his matter, yet feeling that his book requires rounding off with a ball, an amorous Countess, an old ivory mandarin (Kai Lung Dynasty) and a still-born love affair, his invention seems to droop. The writing (even in this smoothest of translations) becomes limp and breathless. Shayffrin's sojourn on the Sino-Siberian frontier is oddly unreal, the local Lady Precious Still Waters even more so.

But these are minor carpings. *Goddess Island* would be worth reading, if only for discovering how well M. Blond writes about seals. Never too human, never sentimental, he conveys their personality in the only legitimate way—by the accumulation of objective detail. Take this passage, for instance. Ogloph, the great seal, is dying of exhaustion on his last swim southwards.

> [He] slid down from the crest of a towering wave and disappeared under a trail of white foam. At the bottom he paused, and then in two or three thrusts, depending on the height of the wave, he struggled up to the next crest and slid down from it in turn. The pauses in the hollow of the waves grew longer; he lingered there in suspense and inertia. Every time it seemed as if he could never rise again.
>
> When the fur seals of the North Pacific die of old age, they always die at sea. No one has ever found the remains of a seal that has died of old age on dry land. To die at sea is part of their nature.

Mr. John Masters is a late-comer to that small and greatly underrated band of Anglo-Indian novelists that includes talents as diverse as Flora Annie Steel, Edward Thompson and Sarah Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). His first book was based on the Mutiny, his second goes back some thirty years to the time of the suppression of the Thugs. Sleeman and Meadows Taylor have helped him to write an ingenious, quick-moving adventure story. His hero, the sympathetic but inefficient Collector of a remote district in the Mahratta country, accidentally witnesses a Thug murder. To fight the evil he decides to eat of Kali's sugar and become a Thug himself. Native dyes, fluency in several Hindi dialects and a lot of strenuous practice with the *rumal* or strangling cloth do the trick. William Savage joins a band of the Deceivers and sees a lot of blood spilt before turning them in.

The Deceivers has pace and excitement though the hero's psychology, by period standards, seems strangely awry. When the book occasionally flags it is because the writer is attempting to put far more into his novel than it is capable of holding. The meaning of suttee, the soul of the mild Hindoo—these are high matters which an Anglo-Indian story-teller of Mr. Masters's type should have thought much about and then forgotten long before he ever put pen to paper. Every great piece of writing on India by Englishmen, from *Kim* to Mr. Forster's masterpiece, has been written obliquely, inexplicitly.

Yet at his best, Mr. Masters can communicate the matter-of-fact eeriness of the Raj magnificently.

> For in India, that year of 1825, the roads were not lines joining point and point, each road separately identifiable, each beginning and ending at a pinmark on a map, each absorbing and being absorbed at named and definite junctions. They were not many roads, but one. It was a web of fragile thread, irregularly woven by a hundred generations of travellers. It did not begin anywhere, but it went to everywhere. In one place, by one tree, this year—it was. Next year, perhaps—it was not. A traveller might strike a westward-leading ray and at that point find a single-rutted track and follow it. A mile farther on it might turn south, or north, or back on itself; or it might break up into ten weary threadlets. It might disappear among rice paddy and reappear at the edge of a grass jungle. It might be wide here, narrow there; it might guide the traveller, in a line straight as the shaft of a spear, for miles between double avenues of mahua and bijasal; it might take him to a ruined temple in a forgotten village and desert him there.

This is the ideal setting for John Company's Great Game.

Mrs. Thirkell's Barsetshire, which has been running more and more hysterically amok for a number of years, has now gone altogether round the bend. *Noblesse oblige* has turned to orgies of Nanny-talk and spluttering volleys of bad taste directed at Them (the last Government). It is sad that a writer whose books once showed such wit and intelligence should, in this novel, have lost her way so completely.

JOHN RAYMOND

UNDERSEA IDYLL

Diving to Adventure. By HANS HASS. Translated by BARROWS MUSSEY. *Jarrolds.* 16*s.*

Mr Hass plunges us into his pre-war world: Juan-les-Pins in the late 'Thirties. Sun-bathers quilted the beach; an old gramophone played "La Paloma"; a princess sat with a dance-band leader under a red parasol; the elegant lady who passed by with a chilly glance and a high-buttoned dress was—memories had to be searched—the strip-teaser from the Casino. Hardly the place where you would look to combine aesthetics, sport, and biology. Yet with his plunge, wearing goggles and fins, Mr. Hass found all three. Red star-fish, meadows of seaweed, seven-foot dolphins, tunny face to face, and the electrocuting torpedo; these were the beginnings of a pursuit that took him afterwards about the Mediterranean and to the Dalmatian coast, and the islands of Curaçao and Bonaire in the West Indies. He is, if not one of the pioneers, an explorer with a gift. He hunted with harpoon and camera. He played with sharks. He shot film. Moreover, with discoveries and adventures that never cease to allure, he has an instinct for the vivid example.

One of the many creatures that caught imagination as well as eye was the parrot-fish. It sports the gayest of blues, reds, or greens. This coloration does not, as with some smaller fishes, merge into a coral background. It advertises the fish's presence. Why? Because the parrot-fish has a peculiarly distasteful flesh, and its best protection is to be instantly detected. But that's not the whole story. The parrot-fish has a rider, the trumpet fish, a stick-like creature as long as itself which never leaves its back. The parrot is harmless, but the lurking trumpet is not; and so, while the first allays suspicion, the second finds easy prey. Such revelations add a dimension to the thrills of the caught diver or of sharks charging at full speed: which can be checked, by the way, and sent back as fast as they came with a full-blooded yell; though whether sound or bubbles do the trick, no one apparently knows.

The war overtook Mr. Hass's idyll. He was threatened with internment by the Dutch, caught the last boat out, and realised an early ambition by visiting the New York Zoo and meeting Mr. William Beebe. His photographs, much admired by Beebe, complete the book's fascination.

G. W. STONIER

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies and Concertos. HAYDN: Symphonies Nos. 100 and 104 (LPO/Krips. §LXT 2683). Dubbings of the SP sets issued some two years ago. Though they are not among the most unsuccessful transfers, time has not made me revise my opinion of these recordings: the higher frequencies are strikingly absent, much of the detail is lost (*e.g.*, the "military" percussion in the Allegretto, which is audible only in forte), and the performances, if in no way eccentric, lack sparkle. FRANCK: Symphony (Paris Conservatoire Orch/Münch. §LXT 2692). The SP set of this performance was distinctly inferior to the Philharmonia/Galliera (*DX 1629-33), and the LP dubbing is certainly no improvement. The "fill-up" is another transfer—namely, an unrecommended version of the same composer's Symphonic Variations, with Eileen Joyce as soloist. TIPPETT: Concerto for Double String Orchestra (Philharmonia/Goehr. C 7926-8). This is an inspired work—in the symphonic field one of the most vivid and nourishing pieces of contemporary English music. The performance is clearly authoritative, and although the recorded tone, especially in the strenuous outlying movements, is too harsh and ill-focused to permit the award of even one star, readers whose machines possess a steep-cut filter will derive considerable pleasure from the set. TCHAIKOVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 2, G major (Mewton-Wood/Winterthur Sym. Orch/Goehr. §CLP 1125); Piano Concerto No. 3, E flat major, and Concert Fantasy, Op. 56 (Ditto. §CLP 1126). It is no good pretending that these works are musically anything like the equal of the First Concerto; but they all deserve an occasional hearing. No. 3 consists of a single movement, which the composer originally intended as the first movement of his Sixth Symphony. After being rejected for this purpose, it was rewritten in its present form. The themes are interesting and personal, the treatment disappointingly conventional. The Concert Fantasy, again, begins well, with a piquant Quasi Rondo, and the enormous cadenza-like solo which follows is an imaginative piece of late Romantic poetry; but the Finale, entitled "Contrasts," is noisy and dull. The first movement of No. 2 is substantially uncut, although Mewton-Wood has sensibly shortened some of the lengthy sequences with which Tchaikovsky sought to enhance the drama of the solo part. Unfortunately, it is impossible to recommend these discs with any enthusiasm—save for the performances, which show care and an acute sense of style. The recording is horribly dry and confined—faults that are most injurious to such heavily scored music. Since No. 2 has become quite a popular work, it seems reasonable to hope that a better recording, less crudely cut than the Moiseiwitsch version, will before long be offered us. Highly recommended: HANDEL: Concerti grossi, Op. 6, Nos. 7 and 8 (Boyd Neel String Orch. **§LX 3081).

Miscellaneous Orchestral. MOZART: *Idomeneo*—Overture (Philharmonia/Kubelik. DB 21465). The strings are a bit edgy, but altogether this is not a bad recording. On the other hand, an overture—*any* overture—demands a larger, more dramatic treatment, and a livelier beat, than Kubelik adopts. I continue to recommend the Boyd Neel disc (*K 1410). WALTON: Comedy Overture—*Scapino* (Philharmonia/Walton. *DB 21499). Even in its revised version, this brilliant and entertaining piece sounds over-scored. The recording is spacious and well focused, but the outline is not always clear, several important phrases disappear, and the harp is completely submerged. Nevertheless, in music of this kind it is the general impression which counts, and this, with the composer at the desk, seems worthy of a single star. TCHAIKOVSKY: Suites Nos. 1 and 2 ("Caractéristique") (Winterthur Sym. Orch/Goehr. *§CLP 1121 and 1122). These lengthy medleys contain much pretty and well-written, but also some vacuous, music. The graceful and picturesque orchestration is always a joy to listen to, and I think we should be grateful of the opportunity to sample these Suites, which, because they do not fit easily into the scheme of present-day music-making, have fallen into almost total oblivion. Apart from a haunting Waltz, No. 2 is distinctly less rewarding than No. 1. The performances are lively and the recording is a great improvement on that of the Second and Third Concertos reviewed above. PROKOFIEV: *Lieutenant Kijé*—Suite: *The Love of Three Oranges*—Suite (French Nat. Sym. Orch/Désormière. *§CTL 7017). The first of these suites sounds like what in fact it is—film music, though of an extremely clever order. This easy, tuneful score, in which Prokofiev shows his mastery of the cheeky style, seems to me more enjoyable than the earlier, and more famous, suite based on the fairy-tale opera of the same name. Désormière conducts this music as if he did not greatly care for it, and the result is not especially vivid or humorous. The recording, rather dry at first, quickly improves. *Lt. Kijé* would have received two stars, but for the opening trumpet solo, which is out of tune. VERDI: *The Battle of Legnano*—Overture (Philharmonia/Markevitch. *C 4181). This all but forgotten opera dates from 1849, the same year as *Luisa Miller*. The overture is a very striking piece, in which woodwind and brass predominate: apart from pizzicato accompaniment figures, the strings appear only in the tuttis. Musically, the piece stands more firmly on its own feet than most theatre overtures (including Verdi's). The performance is very smart and the recording falls short only in the string tone, which is rather meagre. BEETHOVEN: March for wind instruments (London Baroque Ensemble. *K 20614). In default of any information from the label, I assume that this is the March in D (no opus number) composed in 1816. It is musically of no consequence at all, and the relentless flump of big drums and cymbals on the first beat of each bar becomes wearisome by the end of a very few minutes. This shrill score is quite well recorded. JOHANN STRAUSS: ***Perpetuum mobile* and *Tritsch-Tratsch* Polka (Vienna Phil/Karajan. LB 128). The first of these pieces is distinguished by some dazzling wind playing, and the fade-out at the end is far more acceptable than the conductor's voice saying "And so on," in the Krips version. *Tritsch-Tratsch* has a nasty edge due, presumably, to a poor tape. The Szell recording of this piece is still the best (*C 2687).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

(To be concluded)

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,175

Set by Fred Oyster

Imagine that the postcard was introduced into England with the potato, and that G.B.S.'s passion for it was shared by Pope, Shakespeare, Swift, Blake, De Quincey, Jane Austen, Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Wilde, Marvell. The usual prizes are offered for the best postcard of not more than 100 words each from any two of these. The occasion or recipient may be briefly indicated. Entries by September 9.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,172

Set by Buzfuz

> At a certain mental institution a house magazine is published by and for the inmates, containing articles, poems, etc. Competitors are invited to compose an extract from a contribution to a similar magazine published by and for those undergoing the hospitality of one of the following: H.M.S. *Bounty*, Dotheboys Hall, the Foreign Legion, the Ministry of Love (1984), Llanabba Castle (*Decline and Fall*), or Devil's Island. Limit, 150 words.

Report by Buzfuz

The bulk of the entries were divided into two classes—the sycophantic and the "underground"; publication of the latter would in most cases certainly have qualified both authors and editors for keel-hauling, Room 101, or their equivalents. The Ministry of Love and Dotheboys Hall produced the best entries, and Mr. Squeers's pupils were far the most plentiful. The Foreign Legion and H.M.S.

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Bounty contributions were less happy, though E. Bedwell's Legionnaire fleeing from the horrors of a Hollywood production of *Beau Geste* was a clever notion.

From the eventual short list I reluctantly rejected P. Lakeman, Granville Garley and Eric Swainson, all of whom are highly commended. Prize money to be divided equally between Joyce Johnson, D. A. H., H. M. K., and H. A. C. Evans.

EXTRACT FROM KRUEL KUTS

. . . and there, with the kee of the larder in our heros pokkit, we will leeve Wun-ide Squeery to grone and story until necks week wen our instalment is called

THE BORDERS BLO-OWT

RIDDLES

Wot free clothing dus old Ma Squeers give us? Cuffs.

Wots the diffrunce between a ale-hows and our lessons?

Wuns a beery squosh and the others Squeery bosh.

LIMERRIK

Pore Fannys in rarther a fix
Her plans to get spliced came to nix
And only in hell
Will it be true to tell
Shes wun of the flames of Old Nick's.

COMPYTISHUN RESOLT

There wer a lot of entrys for this compytishun for sutable tawchers for Mr, Mrs, Miss or Master S. Wot a pity space dus not alow us to try them all owt. Being kwatered in the rithmetik class arfter being drorn in the droring class was wun. . . .

JOYCE JOHNSON

(From THE LLANARBASTION: an extract from the third instalment of GAY GOINGS-ON AT ST. GRUFFYDD'S, a school story by Peter Pastmaster.)

In the gloom of Dormer *numéro cinq*, four pinpoints of fire blinked. The Frightful Four were indulging in their weekly bottle-patty.

"So like the 43," murmured Gerald, swallowing the dregs from a toothglass that contained cooking-sherry laced with limejuice and eau-de-cologne. ("Sickers" they called it.)

"Have some of this *pâté*," suggested Sebastian. "My Nanny has it sent up from a little man she knows in Charlotte Street."

"My dear!!??!!" Vivian was a nymph right out of Firbank.

Footsteps outside the door. "A raid!" whispered Alastair shrilly, clutching his Chinese dressing-gown tightly round his torso.

"I think not," said Gerald. "It's that new man—rather precious, don't you think, or don't you?"

"It must be too shymaking for him to have to look after us. Poor dear, he smokes Virgins and drinks cider!"

"Well," said Gerald, "it must be madly ungay trying to exist on a pedagogue's salary!"

D. A. H.

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(Note: Macbeth is early Ingsoc hero and good double-think man—"To know my deed, it is plus good not know myself.")

OTHELLO

Oldthink double plus ungood was "Colour-bar." Blackman Othello thinks whitegirl Desdemona does sexcrime. He is goodsexful; he kills her rightwise. Anticolourfree traitor, Iago, betrays Othello to Eurasian enemy. Today Ingsoc is procolourfree. Miniluv cures sexcrime vapourwise. Under the great leadership of Big Brother, Oceania has won many total victories over Eurasia. . . .

H. M. K.

Contribution to the *Dothehoys Hall Magazine*

Our lesons are all of a pratticle kind
Wich our loveing hedmaster dose tech us
There good for the boddy and good for the mind
And hav many unussual fechurs.

We fust lern the rite way to spel out a wurd
Sich as bottinney, wich its a siens,
And wen our kinde master our spelin has hurd
We all get a diggin like lions.

And gramer is tot in a pratticle way,
Wich it's all nowns and vurbs like a winder
And clean wich we all of us dose every day
So nothin our lernin can hinder.

Our helf is loked after most carefuly too
And our hedmasters wif every week'll
Give all of us lots of her bootifull broo,
Big spoonfulls of brimstun and treecle.

H. A. C. EVANS

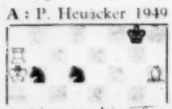
CHESS: Study-Composer's Workshop

No. 152

Our own new study competition (published a fortnight ago) seems to have enhanced readers' interest in the technicalities of study composition; to satisfy their curiosity I dug out of the 1949 file of the *Deutsche Schachblatter* some instructive reminiscences about the genesis, or rather the gradual metamorphosis of a study by Paul Heuäcker, that eminent master of endgame subtleties. He describes the mortification he felt when he happened to come across this youthful effort of his, published in Vienna, 1930. Obviously, if White is to win he must either

get both knights for his marooned R, or contrive a mate; the solution being (1) K-Kt5, KtxR ch, (2) KxKt, Kt-B1 ch, (3) K-B7, Kt-K3, (4) Kt-Q6 mate; or if (3) . . . Kt-R2, (4) Kt-Q6 ch, K-K2, (5) B-K3, etc. Recalling how pleased he was about this 20 years earlier the author now admits to being shocked by the poverty of the piece. So he tried to get a little more out of it by varying the position by a mere ½ move. When shoved to B1 the K is in check; so it must be Black to move, but where? At K1 we have the old position, at K2, by robbing the Kt of one of its flight squares, we have the 2nd variation of the old position. K-B2 allows the dull double-check Kt-Q6; hence there is only (1) . . . K-Kt1. Now here we have a great "temptation" by (2) Kt-Q6. Obviously, if Black takes the R he loses both knights, so he must play (2) . . . KtxKt, thereby indirectly protecting the other Kt. But what about (3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (4) KxKt, Kt-B4!? Alas, after (5) R-Kt6 Black can force the draw by K-R2. Back, then, to the original position after (1) . . . K-Kt1. What about (2) B-Kt5 as the new key-move? It seems to work well enough after (2) . . . KtxR, (3) KxKt(b6), Kt-B1 ch, (4) K-B7, Kt-R2 (5) Kt-Q6, and the Black Kt is bound to fall. But suppose Black is in no such hurry to take the doomed R and plays (2) . . . K-B1? This, too, can be coped with by (3) Kt-Q6, KtxKt, (4) B-K7 ch, K-K1, (5) BxKt, Kt-B1, (6) R-R8! Good enough! So Heuäcker sent his rejuvenated piece to the *Schachblatter*, but a few days later Messrs. Richter & Teschner shot it back with the unanswerable observation that after (2) B-Kt5 Black can force the draw forthwith by Kt-Q4! Bowed, but undaunted, the harassed author went back to work, trying at first to dress up the above-mentioned "temptation" [(2)Kt-Q6] as a proper solution by adding a Black P at f5. But he didn't like it much, scrapped this idea, and kept on brooding over the position resulting from (1) . . . K-Kt1 (2) Kt-Q6, KtxKt, (3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1. Surely, he thought, what with the Black K cornered and the knights on their own, there ought to be a win for White. He tried (4) R-Kt6 and R-QB7 respectively. I have no space for the substantial and highly interesting analysis resulting from either move; readers may find out for themselves how Black can just manage to refute every one of these ingenious efforts.

A: P. Heuäcker 1949



Finally, Heuäcker had a brainwave. Surely the R-check at Kt7 was far too "obvious" and had better be scrapped! So he went still further back to this position resulting from (1) . . . K-Kt1, (2) Kt-Q6,

KtxKt, and here indeed he had a winning line that has proved unanswerable. (So far, at any rate! I hope that our own redoubtable cook-hunters will not find cause to revive the author's troubles about this veritable "problem child" of his.) Anyway, although competitors know so much already about what *not* to do in this position, I do not feel particularly generous in offering 8 ladder-points for the winning continuation from White's 3 move, which is really the "key-move." There are four variations at least, one of which is very tricky indeed. As to the 4 points for **B**, our cracks may well consider this vastly overrated, but it should be highly instructive for the less experienced competitors. It is a game position in which White forced his opponent's resignation in two moves. No less instructive but not nearly so easy is **C**—White to win, an endgame study well worth 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by September 8.

B : Engels 1937

C : Z. Birnov 1947

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 9

A: *Key*: Q-K6.

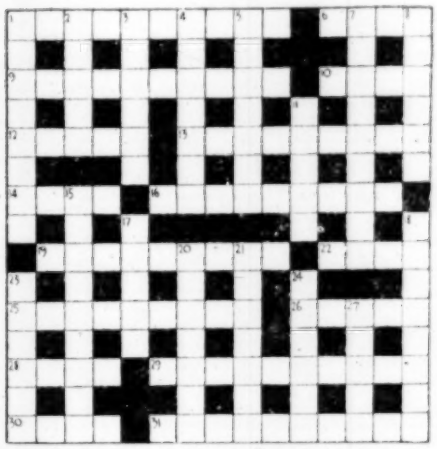
B: (1) . . . K-R5(ch), (2) K-Kt1, R x R . . . 3) K x P, R-R8 ch! (4) K x R, P-Kt8=Q ch (5) K-R2, R-KR8ch. (6) K x R. Bird-Fredrich, London 1869.

C: (1) R x P, P-R7. (2) R-Q5, P-queens. (3) R-K5ch, etc.

Trying to solve **C** by (1) K-Kt5 a good many competitors overlooked the refutation (1 . . . B-Q6. (2) K-B1, P-K7. (3) R-K1, B-Kt4. 4) K-B4, P-Q6. (5) K-K5, K-Q2 (6) K-Q7, K-B3 etc. Even so there were far too many flawless entries to mention them all. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. Coleby, B. Corcos, G. E. Crow, J. Mitchell, J. F. Pattle.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 11



ACROSS

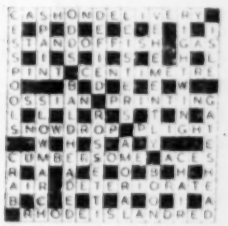
1. The place for Mr. Noel (10).
6. Waits without a sailor for a date (4).
9. He keeps cave (10).
10. It makes a Siamese seem less (4).
12. The editor could make this stuff (5).
13. The ruler of a town in Belgium? (5, 4).
14. Eat nothing quickly (4).
16. There is a call for help in the ice, but little Leslie completes the figure (9).
19. Deaf things (9).
22. This crop is not left to grow long (4).
25. Asiastic breathes in the south-east (9).
26. A recal composer (5).
28. Lines for quarrels (4).
29. It seems that father tore part of his academic dress to show what a state he was in (10).
30. Williamson wrote about dandelion ones (4).
31. Pretends to be changing spare notes (10).

DOWN

1. Sodomite who made the same mistake as Orpheus (4, 4).
2. Stolen and given by the sweet south (5).
3. Silent creeks (6).
4. Make more in what makes less (7).
5. Values seem set (7).
7. Crooked piece of crockery on a broken set (6).
8. Drink for a novel hero (6).
11. This clue is even the same backwards (5).
15. This place is now the first letter in a tale (9).
17. Means of felicide (5).
18. Butts in so that the turn is ruined in 6 (8).
20. Function of the poet transformed to embrace his times (7).
21. His fate hung on a thread (7).
23. She is almost on horseback (6).
24. A suburban college? (6).
27. Money almost sufficient for gram (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 10



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WANTED for early appointment, a Girls' Club Leader for work in Somers Town area. Initial salary up to £360 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Good opportunities for live personality. Write with full particulars, experience, age, and give two referees, to Box 3177.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences; (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy; (c) Biological Sciences; (d) Engineering subjects; and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers, at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education with appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £674-£786 (men); £533-£655 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers £275-£586 (men); £275-£569 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £275; at 25, £494 (men) £457 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-98/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

SECONDMENT or Appointment of Teacher to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Applications are invited from Men and Women Teachers with more than two years qualified teaching experience who are willing to serve for three years as civilians with other status in Army Children's Schools overseas. The scheme is approved by the Ministry of Education and the Scottish Education Department. Salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale plus London allowance. Foreign service allowance, outfit allowance and free passages. While the great majority of posts are for Juniors and All-Age Schools there are the following special vacancies: (a) Canal Zone of Egypt. Headmaster Moascar Secondary, Modern School—approximately 100 children required for January 1, 1953. (b) Singapore Hong Kong. The following Teachers are required for January 1, 1953: (i) Graduates for Grammar Schools in Modern Languages, Latin, Maths, Science. (ii) For Secondary Modern Schools, General Science Maths and Domestic Science with General Form Subjects. Details and Application Forms obtainable from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office (AFI), Strimmore, Middlesex.

SOUTH West Metropolitan Region. Graylingwell Hospital Group Management Committee, Chichester, Sussex. Applications are invited for the appointment of Clinical Psychologist at Graylingwell Hospital, which accommodates 1,100 persons suffering from nervous and mental disorders. The duties will include routine testing of intelligence, personality and deterioration in collaboration with the Consultant Staff. There are ample opportunities for research and the successful applicant will be expected to take part in the preparation of candidates for the D.P.M. examination. The appointment is non-resident and the salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council Scales for Clinical Psychologists and subject to the National Health Service Superannuation Regulations. Applications, giving full personal and professional particulars, together with names and addresses of at least two referees, should be forwarded to the Medical Superintendent, Graylingwell Hospital, Chichester, as soon as possible.

SECRETARY required to work for Divisional Manager. Charge of industrial Social Science Dept. concerned with social development and human organisation. Duties comprise general responsibility for office procedure, shorthand typing, making appointments and certain amount of library research. Position requires a mature person interested in people, preferably over 25 years of age, capable of high shorthand typing speeds, who can accept responsibility and undertake confidential work. Starting salary according to age and experience but not less than £375 p.a. Apply, stating relevant experience to Personnel Manager, Glacier Metal Co., Ltd., Ealing Road, Alperton, Middx.

ARTS graduates are invited to apply for the post of Research Assistant in the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat. Experience of visual aids and the compilation of filmstrips will be an advantage and some skill in map-making and free-hand drawing will be an added recommendation. A wide academic background and the ability to write good English are essential qualifications. Commencing salary about £500-£550. Superannuation scheme. Applications should be in manuscript and addressed to the Secretary, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED. Graduate in Economics with good academic qualifications, including experience in research, for Editorial work in Ceylon. Administrative or practical experience, though not essential, an advantage. Work will deal largely with problems of an underdeveloped country, particularly those arising from the need for a rapid expansion of its economy. An interesting job for a person with initiative and a creative mind. Good salary. Free passage for applicant (and wife if any) to Ceylon. Initially a short term contract, but opportunity is open for employment in the permanent service of the company. Candidate will be provided with return passage for himself (and wife) if he returns to the U.K. at the end of his term of service. Apply with full details, including academical qualifications, copies of research publications, to The London Manager, The Associated Newspapers of Ceylon, Ltd., Langham House, 302-308 Regent St., London, W.1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers, whole and part-time, required by London County Council as follows: (1) Attendance at Schools for maladjusted children; (2) Duty at Homes for children taken into the Council's Care; (3) Work at child guidance units. Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics and Political Science or other approved qualification required. Approved national salary scale. Position temporary at first. Particulars on application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH D 1), County Hall, London, S.E.1, closing date September 20. (873)

MEDICAL Research Council. Applications are invited for the post of statistician to work on the problems of human reproductive performance in Aberdeen. This appointment will be to the Council's Social Medicine Research Unit. The research is a joint one with the Department of Midwifery in the University of Aberdeen. A qualification in statistics (not necessarily medical), or in mathematics with experience of statistical work, is essential. Salary within the range of £500-£750 per annum according to qualifications, with F.S.S.U. provision. Applications, together with the names of two referees, should reach Professor Dugald Baird, Department of Midwifery, University of Aberdeen, Foresterhill, Aberdeen, not later than October 1.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant in Economics for one year, with the possibility of renewal for a further one or two years. Salary £450 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six copies of application, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than September 18, 1952. (Signed) E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

LONDON County Council requires Home Help Organisers for duty in first instance in Camberwell area of Health Division 7. Energy and ability to motivate staff required; previous expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £540 - £90 - £600, commencing according to quals. and expce. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 7, 2nd Peckham Rd., S.E.5, returnable by Sept. 14. (871)

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £300 - £225 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities provided. Bedford is 45 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now to the Matron, Joyce Green General Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

VACANCIES exist for Assistant Secretaries with Y.M.C.A.s in England. These posts offer an opportunity of full-time service with a world-wide Movement. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30. Applicants should have a sense of Christian vocation, a good education, leadership abilities in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth, and good health. Write giving full particulars of experience and qualifications to S/8 Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

INDEPENDENT country school on community line for maladjusted children requires two junior resident staff, either sex, not under 20 yrs., to combine practical work (cooking, maintenance, etc.) with some teaching (including music, nature work, plus some general). Regret no accommodation staff's children or married couples unless both on staff. Box 3242.

DR. Barnardo's Homes require Assistant Matron (Preparatory for Schoolboys) Home in Essex. Residential. Apply Staff Dept., 18 Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

WANTED, couple with good sense of responsibility to help run small adult educational centre in Oxfordshire. She as cook-housekeeper, he as maintenance man. Flatlet available. Separate applications considered. Apply Secretary, Brasted Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Tel. Checkendon 224.

COOK required to September for vegetarian co-educ. school. Age cooker. Box 2944.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DR. Barnardo's Homes have a vacancy for a qualified female Boarding-out Visitor in an area probably covering South Wales, Gloucestershire and Herefordshire. Applic. forms from The Chief Executive Officer (Boarding-out), 18 Stepney Causeway, E.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students require Senior Assistant (male or female) in Vacation Work Department. Salary scale £360 - £450 per annum. Apply, in writing only, for details & applic. form to Vacation Work Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

THE Coffee House, 4 Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2. London's latest and brightest place of refreshment, requires additional high-quality staff urgently, part- or full-time. Very good pay plus bonus. Tel. WHI. 1425.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8, temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Ag'ts), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

HIGH income for gentlemen accustomed to conducting interviews at executive level. Write for details of the most outstanding advertising novelty of the year. Box 3012.

ARCHITECTS need secretary-shorthand typist 10-6 Mon. to Fri. £7 10s. Apply Batley, 188 Piccadilly, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN graduate (French w. Hons. Manchester '51) w. recog. sh. type. certifs., at present gaining general office sec. experience in France, seeks interesting post where these qualifications will be of use; pref. but not necessarily in London. Available for interview mid-September. Box 3155.

ANGLO-American, 28, Socialist, refugee from New York, arriving London Sept. 1, seeks job. Exped. univ. lecturer, journalist, pers. secretary, orchardist. Box 3204.

ENERGETIC young man (24, public school, ex Navy, with M.A. in Economics and Colonial History, desires post with prospects at home or abroad. Box 3077.

RESPONSIBLE woman, diploma Social Studies, exp. shorthand-typist, committee work, etc., offers services plus address, phone and use of typewriter to organisation requiring secretary, full or part-time. Box 3200.

YOUNG lady seeking interesting position; exp. in secretarial field of publishing house, hospital; travelled, able drive car. Salary second consideration. Box 3247.

YOUNG man, 23, wide knowledge and catholic interest in the Arts, would like congenial work. Box 3041.

2 yng. women Arts grads. 25 & 23, req. real separate posts, London area. Elder 1 yrs. bibliography exp. Younger (typ. 40 w.p.m. Both sociable & adaptable. Box 3241.

EXPD. Secretary Sh.-Typist (f., age 24) seeks position with progressive organisation in London. Box 3189.

YOUNG woman seeks post helping with children mornings or afternoons. Excempted. N. or N.W. London. PRI 5996.

CAPABLE Sec., Inter U.T.U. & commercial office exp., talking, fluent German, Engl. & Gen. schs., skg. suitable post. Box 3196.

PIANIST, 26, studying Degree, seeks suitable job (pref. part-time), London. Experienced business, interest Arts. Box 3086.

BACHELOR in 30's, interests music & gardening, will look after house & garden for congenial home & reas. wage. Box 3280.

REFUGEE, 21, m., B.Sc. Econ. seeks congenial interesting work. Box 3292.

SEC. shorthand-typist would like work 2 days a wk., London. Box 3284.

SEC.; 15 years' exp. correspondence asst., seeks part-time work. Box 3184.

EXAMINATIONS

THE Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants. December, 1952, Examinations. The full yearly Preliminary, Intermediate and Final Examinations will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 9, 10 and 11 next, in Aberdeen, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield, and at such other centres, if any, as circumstances may warrant. Entries must be received before October 1, 1952, at the offices of the Association, 22 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Chambers's Encyclopædia, new, £35; Encyclopædia Britannica (1939), £25; "Horizon," 1-12; Weekly Harvard from No. 1 (1946); Imperial Good Companion; Signed Ethelbert White Watercolours, £1; Miniatures, £95 or offer.

WANTED: Handbook Marxism; all Trotsky, Kautsky, Steckloff, Rosenberg; 2nd-hand copy "Costuming the Religious Play" by Burton, Gold Brg.

1. Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning a/ct. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

PERSONAL

GERMAN girl, 18, educ., would like spend year with English family in/near Lond. to improve her English. Good with children, light housework, pocket money. Box 3186.

YOUNG French lady offers French, German lessons, light work, against hospitality country and pocket money. Congenial atmosphere important. Bauer, Chez Dartigues, Bahus-Montrouse par Condrieu (Landes).

GRAD., emigrating, now teaching & boarding up to 8 foreign pupils, selling furn. house, London, good will and contacts. Moderate price for remunerative proposition. Box 3004.

AU Pair. Select French families, Paris, offer 3-9 mths.' stay, pocket money, to well-educ. yng. ladies—willing help with children & easy hswk. Refs. exch. Box 3002.

THEATRICAL organisation specialising in educational works, leaving for the Mediterranean in September, has vacancies for two students, must be of good education, presentable appearance, congenial company and willing to make initial investment. Salary and expenses paid. Apply to Box 2954.

SUITABLE for canal cruising: 20-foot mahogany and pine harbour launch. Kelvin engine needing attention. £175. Box 2951.

FRENCH girl student in England 4ks. post au pair in British family. Box 3019.

GERMAN tuition given in grammar, literature and conversation. Box 3009.

MOTORIST, 33 (m.), 4ks. comp. (m.) fortnight Continental tour Oct./pp. Box 2986.

FRENCH girl wishes position in England as mother's help. Replies: Cours Rouget de Lisle, Choisy-le Roi, Seine, France.

WELL-educated German girl, 23, fluent English, resident England 1 year, seeks interesting post. French-speaking area of Switzerland. Box 3006.

TWO yng. men desire unusual occupation one week, return full board. Box 3100.

YOUNG couple motoring to Spain & possibly Portugal Sept. 6-27, seek 2 young people share car expenses. Box 3128.

COTTAGE (furn.) in little-known Mediterranean Island 25 guineas weekly (sterling). Cheapest living in Europe. Newman, 27 Steeles Road, N.W.3.

ITALIAN lady, experienced teacher, takes private pupils own home Regent's Park or will visit. Box 3212.

ENGLISH lessons for foreigners in London. English lady, Honours B.A., French, German. Box 3206.

CHILD wanted as companion to little girl under seven years old—to share country home and lessons. Reeves, Rhiw Goch, Dolwyddelan, N. Wales.

INDIVIDUALS or small organisations requiring London address, telephone and capable secretary, please apply Box 3185.

ESTABLISHED author-artist, young, travelled, known, seeks twelve-month financial patronage-investment to complete contracted work. Highest refs., etc. Box 2767.

WOMAN executive, thirties, sufferer from chronic Migraine since childhood, would be grateful for suggestions regarding prevention or alleviation. Box 3139.

ITALIAN sculptor wishes to exchange studio flat Florence, for similar flat London. Ring KEN. 0827.

SMALL Electric Potters' Kilns, chamber 9in. × 9in. × 9in.; 3kW.; max. temp. 1,100° C. Price £15. Mills & Hobbsall, Ltd., 10 Silvester St., S.E.1. HOP. 2662.

COMFORTABLE camping accomm. South of Exmoor. Use big 16th-Century farmhouse, spare kitchen, c.h.w., drying room, w.c., bath, £1 p.w. p.p. Bedrooms (complete) £2 p.w. p.p. Isolated. Box 3214.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private individual tuition. No classes. Beginners or speed. Day or evening. Tel.: PADdington 6929.

HEBREW, special beginners by qualified teacher, formerly Israel. Box 2687.

SURBITON Unity Theatre Group need men immed. for next production. Box 2852.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

OFFICE accommodation for associations, sharing essential services, reasonable charges. Write Research Co-ordination Committee, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

I AM buying a wide variety of jewellery; if you have anything interesting to dispose of write Harold Karton, Hatton Garden Safe Deposit, E.C.1.

DECORATIONS personally executed. Estimates from £5 incl. Box 5347.

ARTISTS' Soho Studio open for lessons in painting. Sympathetic analyses and criticisms given of your work in stimulating professional atmosphere. Box 2689.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PERSONAL—continued

SOCIAL Service. Foster parents are urgently needed in the Home Counties who can give understanding care and affection to an intelligent 13-year-old boy badly needing the security of normal home life. Will any couple willing to undertake this constructive social work please write to London County Council Area Children's Officer, 313-319 Harrow Rd., W.9. (8865)

LESLIE Hardern, Organiser of The Television Inventors' Club, considers many modern toys expensive and badly designed. Valuable prizes are offered in unusual competition embracing every type of handicraft, to be held in connection with The Mothercraft and National Handicrafts Exhibitions, Central Hall, Westminster, October 30 to November 12. For particulars send S.A.E. to Competitions Secretary, 40 Holland Park, London, W.11.

PHOTOGRAPHY, for Press, Publicity, Commerce and Industry. Specialists in the use of colour. Basil Cox. GER. 4387.

"THE Art of Seeing." Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scatlett at 17A Cavendish Sq., W.1. Langham 5676.

AUTUMN Sunshine Holidays. Switzerland (12): Lucerne Riviera (15): 97gns. Cruise (14): 45gns. Italy (15): 49gns. Spain (18): 59gns. Illustrated booklet and expert advice: Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chancery 6436/7.

LAST minute Continental Holidays, not arranged for the masses but individually for you. 10 days in Spain from £26 19s. 6d. Italy £25 19s. 6d. France £18 10s. 6d. 7 days in Paris from £14 15s. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHitehall 4114/5.

LATE Continental Holidays. For suggestions to suit your preference consult Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

AUTUMN Holidays on the Canals. Vacancies from Sept. 6. Leaflet from Waterborne Tours, BCM/Canals, London, W.C.1.

CORSICA is ideal for a late holiday, for September there is still the height of summer and the weather is guaranteed. London-Corsica by air and 14 days at the Campde l'Horizon on the lovely Bay of Calvi for £39 10s. all-inclusive. Apply for illustrated brochure to Horizon Holidays Limited, 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 2163.

IROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D 191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

QUICKEN your French. Vocabulet cards, 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 56 Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey.

SPANISH Guitar tuition in Segovia method by Len Williams. Classical Flamenco/Spanish music. Solo or voice accomp. Cases for beginners. Free booklet. Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue N/4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0830.

GUITAR lessons. Technique, Theory, Harmony. Few vacs. Chernukov, F.L.A. 4354.

INDIVIDUAL tuition by exp. graduate G.C.E. Maths. to all levels. WEL. 8022.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with lncd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1/gns. eve. WHI. 3678.

YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

REMEDIAL Relaxation with physiotherapy for muscle control, anxiety and rejuvenation. A 7-day intensive residential regime with Vernon Symonds is a practical course in self-help and recovery. Folder: "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

THE Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 5600. Relaxing and stimulating therapies. Osteopathy. Manipulation. Massage. Ask for brochure.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

FRUSTRATED business female (35), tired living one room, seeks another similar type, view sharing furnished flat. West, N. West London. Box 3252.

PERSONAL—continued

LATE Holidays? You will find plenty of sunshine, excellent bathing and cheap wine at our parties to Italy on September 6 and October 4 or our Majorca holiday on September 20, also Austrian Tyrol party on September 13. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9228.

HOSPITALITY and care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2281.

PROVENCE and the Riviera in September. For details of small informal party, rambling and sightseeing, write to Ramblers Association Services, 48a, Park Rd., N.W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

EXCHANGE two 7s. 6d. Toscanini tickets 2nd concert, for two 5s. or 7s. 6d. for 1st concert. Telephone MET. 9561.

2 Toscanini tkts. requd. Oct. 1, exch. Sept. 29. Sievers, 50 The Vale, N.W.11.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CORNWALL. Trcharrock Manor & Farm, Jersey herd. Reserve now for September, October and November, when surf-bathing excellent, and "Indian Summer" weather lovely. Golf St. Enodoc, Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excel. cuisine, all comforts gtd. Port Isaac 284.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —35 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 2·9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A friendly & comfortable country house in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Approved. 7½ 8gns. Tel. 3455.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley, bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From Hgts. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

SOMERSET. Coomerton Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater. Easy access to sea, golf, fishing. Excellent cooking. Slumberland bedding. Garage Accommodation. Terms 5½gns.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Driving facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5 5gns. George & Eluned Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

EDINBURGH. West End, Mrs. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

HOTEL Windsor, Bld. Verdun, Dieppe (facing sea), offers comfortable accom., good food, at reas. rates for week-ends or holiday periods. Also at Clos Normand, Martin Eglise, where excellent tree Trout fishing is available. Marcel Lambert, Proprietor.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudists). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pools. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp): N. S. Cuthard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Iron Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

WEEKENDERS want it. Fortnighters too. Droppers-in want it—so do you! Little Grande's Village Inn. Terms 2s. 6d. post 2d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 314.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach of Eastbourne. Comfy beds. Good food. Te Whare Hotel, Heron. Telephone: Horeham Rd. 32.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel. Send for Brochure.

SOCIALIST hotel for Socialist guests, "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. Tel. Hastings 4571.

NEAR Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans; charming modern Guest House in lovely country. London 24 miles. Telephone Jordans 2155.

PAYING guests welcomed modernised farmhouse, ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Terms on application. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Shropshire.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Hols. In sunny Devon, at Britain's best Sun-Club. Full facils. & mod. cons.; nudist sun & air bathing. Write (enc. 1½) for brochure, Sec. (4) N. Leevon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. The "Sunbather" magazine, 1s. 6d., post free.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley. Continental cooking. From 6½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Trethallack, St. Just.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

RYE. The Hope Anchor Hotel. A.A. approved, licensed. Perfect setting for Summer and Autumn holidays. Rye 2216.

BOOK now for Sept. Oct. at congenial private hotel in resort medically commended for late holidays (mild, sunny, sheltered). Informative brochure free on request. £5 5s. to £8 weekly, inclusive early tea, 4 meals daily, coffee, baths, fresh fruit daily. Twin beds. Slumberlands, h. & c. Two comfortable lounges. Well appointed throughout. Fully booked last autumn, recommended by New Statesman readers also members various movements. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best position facing South, near Sun Lounge, orchestra daily. Opposite covered walk. Lovely promenade. Phone Hastings 4784.

BUCKS. Enjoy a delightful holiday in the lovely Chiltern Hills just 1 hr. from London. Stay at "The Tapping House." Private Hotel. Great Missenden, a charming & thoroughly rest XVIIth-cent. house. All h. & c. excel. food, pleas. garden. Tel. 586.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. A good holiday will make all the difference to the winter. The best air in Sussex and wonderful food will make you eat like a horse. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, Via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Vacancies Sept. 6 to 15.

DEVON. Extensive Coastline. Continental. Tel. 428. Finest post. Mun. sea.

IDEAL for late autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with h. & c. and gas fires, delightful surroundings, cosy evenings round the fire.

RYE (near). Quiet holidays in country cottage on bus route 5 miles sea. Farm produce. Mod. cons. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sussex. Iden 205.

SMALL Country Guest House in Kent (47 miles from London) for anyone seeking peace and quiet. Well-equipped house. Fixed terms (H. & C.). Comfortable beds. Good food. Large garden. Long or short periods. Terms 7½ guineas a week. Box 3042.

GLORIOUS Butlins. Hotel Royal Bella Vista (3 Star, St. Cyr on the Riviera). Early season prices end August and Sept. from £36 francs, everything included. Plus one free day after each 6 days' stay, allowing a fortnight's seaside holiday on £25.

WHITSTABLE, Kent. Freeways Hotel, Tankerton (licensed). Abundant food, first-rate cooking. Beautifully situated in large private grounds. Near sea. Special Autumn tariff. A.A. approved. Whitstable 3243.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service, 94 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Cam Haven Guest House, overlooking sea, h. & c. bedrms. Farm produce. Excel. food. Mod. terms.

OSTEND. English Hotel, near Beach, Esplanade, Kursaal. 21s. per day, late Aug. 18s. Sept. Excellent food. Comf., recommended. Hotel Nelson, Deschamps, 14 Rue Louise.

WINTER holidays in the sun. Excellent food. Moderate prices. Good fishing & bathing. Mediterranean fishing village. Anglo-French proprietors. Hostellerie du Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 700 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in "The Good Food Guide 1952/53." Entirely revised and much enlarged but still 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrews Hill, E.C.4.

SCHOOLS

ESTABLISHED Girls' Boarding School in lovely country 44 miles south of London offers one or two girls specially reduced fees of £38 per term. Box 2856.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy purposeful community of 8 dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-13. Recog. by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4906. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn. Hol. 8881. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5 & 8. Until Sep. 6. Dancers of Bali & full Gamelan Orch. 500 2s. 6d. seats.

BALLETS Negres. 20th Century Theatre, W.11. 3 wks. Sept. 2. Evgs. 8. Thrs. 2.30. New Ballets. Berto Pasuka. PAR 9582.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 7.30 (ex. Mon.). Sun. 6.0. "The Swedenhelms," by Hialmar Bergman. Trans. by Clifford Grey. Mems. 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.). 10.30. Sun., 9.0. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night revue. Membership 5s. yearly.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "Mill & Bitter," Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 4441. Sun., Aug. 31, 7.30. "La Belle Que Voile" (A) (French).

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). Sunday, Aug. 31, 7.30 p.m., Ilford Town Hall. "That Others May Live" (Poland) and supporting prog. Exhib. Polish cut-out Folk Art. Mems. 5s. p.a.

PECKHAM Co-operative Film Society. Thurs., Sept. 4, 7.30. "Open City" and Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms." Adm. free. No children under 16 admitted. Co-operative House, 251-267 Rye Lane, S.E.15. Information about society from J. Best, 59 Sudbourne Rd., S.W.2. BRI. 1436.

NEW Era Film Society opens new season with reissue of famous "Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (U.S.S.R.) also anti-Taft-Hartley film "Solidarity" (U.S.A. and "Miracle Miners" (Czech). Sat., Sept. 6. Holborn Hall at 7.30. Members & members' guests only. 2s. in adv., 2s. 6d. on day. Information Sec., New Era Film Soc., 30 Berwick St., W.1.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sunday excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 20. Tkts., 4s. to 8s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents; 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s., available nightly at doors only.

HAMPSTEAD Open Air Art Show. Parts, Saturday, August 30, at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, 9.15 p.m. Dancing, Refreshments, etc. Exhibitors 2s. Others 2s. 6d.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club. Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

MAJLIS Mela: Sept. 13, Holborn Hall, from 11 a.m. Indian fete. Folk-song, dances, bazaar, funfair, puppet, films & Exhibition of Indian painting & photography (Sept. 13, 14 & 15). Tickets at gate.

GARDEN Party Fête. Sat., Aug. 30, 3-8 p.m. Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington. 1s. 6d. Dances, songs, caricatures, puppets. Michael Scott film.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Art of Ancient America. Daily 10-5.

CONTEMPORARY Colour Lithography from Cincinnati Art Museum. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 10. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St. Contemporary French Primitives: Vivin, Bombois, Bauchant, etc. extended to Sept. 6. Daily 10-5. Saturdays 10-12.30.

PARSONS Galleries, 70 Grosvenor St. Paintings of Horses by Anne Bullen. Aug. 15 to Sept. 3, 10-5 p.m. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. The Exhibition will help the Horse & Pony Benefit Fund.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Five Young Contemporaries and Recent Work by Hugh MacKinnon.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Hunterian Collection exhibition extended to Sept. 15. Adm. free. Wkdys. 10-6.30. Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. A river trip Sept. 16 by special launch to Tilbury to visit Orient liner S.S. Orontes. Lunch & tea served. Members only apply for tickets 30s. to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SIXTY-TWO Elected Delegates—miners, engineers, post, building and foundry workers, teachers and Co-operators—visited Poland this year to see how the people of Poland work and live. Delegates will tell of their experiences on Friday, September 5, 7.30 p.m., at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Chairman: Gordon Schaffer. Programme includes Polish Folk Dances. Tickets 6d. from British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. (LAN 6593).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Challenge of Asia," by Dorothy Woodman (contributor to "New Statesman"), followed by "India Speaks to the People of all Nations," by P. N. Haksar and A. J. Kidwai (external secretary and P.R.O. to the Indian High Commissioner), by courtesy of His Excellency. Thursday, September 4, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Sept. 3, at 7.30 p.m. R. Gherson: "The Situation in Egypt," at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. Sept. 6, 6 p.m. M. Edmond Lisle (Alliance Française): "Tu viens en France."

THEOSOPHY Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. August 31: "Theosophy's Teaching on Spiritualism."

CONSCIENTIOUS Objectors. Society of Friends, London & Middlesex Quarterly Meeting Peace Committee, Conference of Men and Women 16-18 years. Saturday, September 13, 2.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Discussion of queries and perplexities re National Service Act and pacifism. Kindly send post card if intending to be present.

LAMBETH Peace Council. Jack Gaster (British Member Commission International Association of Democratic Lawyers). Report on Korea. Chairman: Mrs. Jessie Street. Lambeth Town Hall, September 8, 7.45 p.m.

LUNCH Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, Tuesdays at 1.10, Sept. 9: Yoga in Christian-ity. Sept. 9: Yoga of Meditation. Sept. 16: States of Consciousness. Sept. 23: Readings from Eastern Mystics. Sept. 30: Yoga—A Sane Way of Life.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"THE Executive in Modern Industry." Week-end Discussion Leading speakers Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey. September 13 and 14. From Saturday tea to Sunday tea. 30s. Apply: Secretary, A.S.S.E.T. Executive Staffs. Branch, 391 Seven Sisters Road, London, N.15.

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Residential Weekend Courses in delightful country. Programme from Secy. Checkendon 221.

RUDOLF Steiner Education. The Autumn Term of the weekend training course in Steiner Education and Waldorf methods begins Oct. 3. For details & syllabus apply Training Course Sec., Waldorf School (Hampstead), 194, Fitzjohn's Ave., London, N.W.3.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons, beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides comprehensive secretarial courses, with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Vacancies October 6 and November 4. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Telephone: MAYfair 2904.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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LONDON Academy of English, W.1, for cultured foreigners. Tel. WELbeck 4741.

MODERN Dance-Technique-Rhythm-Expression. Classes for Adults, Children. Creative method of teaching. New term commences Sept. Apply: Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Rd., Regents Park, N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

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ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

STUART House, 57 Harcourt Ter., S.W.10. Interior-sprung divans, H. & C., elec. fires, excel. bkfst., 15s. nightly—permanent from 5gns. Owner manager. FRE. 2357.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room offered at 30s. rental to lady in return for baby sitting. Phone Wembley 4697.

SERVICE Rooms, H. & C., gas elec. fires. Res. Manager. From 3gns. single, 6gns. dble. incl. bkfast. Dinners avail. Permanent residents welcome. 11 Sumner Place, S.W.7. KEN. 9854.

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FINCHLEY Rd. Attractive room, 2 divans, gas-cooker. C.h.w., bath. Bed-linen, crockery supplied. 15 mins. West End. Two sharing, 3gns. p.w. HAM. 2746. Box 3225.

NEWLY dec. fur flatlets, div. rms. with kit. C.H.W. c. htg. Gdn. RIC. 0996. Box 3166.

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LARGE pleas. furn. room for one person. Hampstead. £2 p.w. PRI. 6217.

OXFORD man & wife offer 3 single bdrms., ckng. facs. Pleas. home, Hampstead. 2 45s. 6d. ea., 1 lge. rm. 55s. 6d. Box 2829.

FURN. room. On Tube. Gas ring. 35s. per week. Phone PAD. 8566.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

MAN offd. acc. s/c bach. flat, Lancaster Gate, tel., ckg. fac. Mod. Box 3231.

HIGHGATE Woods. Single & double divan-rooms, redecorated, well kept house. Refs. exchanged. TUDor 8207 after 6 p.m.

FURNISHED room offered in exchange for some help in home. HAMpstead 3817.

NR. Marble Arch. Attract. mod. furn. flat, all amenities, suit 2 adults. To let 3 mths. end Sept. Rent £10, incl. radio, linen, china, cutlery, cent. htng., C.H.W., elec. light, gas, refrig., tel. Refs. reqd. Box 3132.

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LGE. room offered, well furn., ckg. facils., 3gns. single, 4gns. dble. 1 Strathmore Gdns., Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8.

TO let near Manor House Tube, three furnished bed-sitting rooms, use of kitchen and bath, females preferred. Box 3129.

TO let self-contained, ground floor, furnished flat, 3 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, garden. West Hampstead. Box 3157.

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WELL-furnished modern house with garden in Cheddar, Som., 4 gns. 4 double, 3 single bedrooms, bathroom, sep. W.C., large lounge, garage, etc. Box 3087.

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CHARMING cott., 3 bdrms., 10 mins. sea. Fr. end Aug. Rigg, Lanmacombe, Chivelstone, Kingsbridge, S. Devon. Chivelstone 288.

PROF. couple, req. flat rooms, mod. rent, pref. Cent. N.W. London. Box 3095.

CIVIL Serv. (F.) needs accom. with without meals. Must be v. nr. Waterloo. Box 3133.

PROF. woman reqs. flat furn. unfurn., or would share on mutually independent basis. Cent. London. Hampstead. Box 3083.

ADULT family (3) seek unfurn. flat. Any reasonable demand met. Miss Harris, 25, Maury Rd., London, N.16. AMHurst 4502.

2 IMPECUNIOUS Occupational Therapists req. part. or unfurn. flat, S.W. area before Oct. Berens. FRO. 4872 before 8.30 a.m.

YOUNG French music student requires end September inexpensive room Central London with full or partial board and opportunities for piano practice. Sanderstead 2942.

AMERICAN univ. lecturer & wife, Socialist refugees, want furn. part-furn. flat, teas., pref. S.W. Box 3203.

WANTED, furn. room, married couple, ground floor or lift, near Baker Street, from Sept. 7. Box 3222.

WOMAN Univ. lecturer needs flat rooms. Pref. unfurn. London. Box 3238.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

READERS of the "New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." (Quarterly.) This Journal, with Editorial Boards in more than 20 different countries (ranging from Australia to America, Sweden to China, Israel to Czechoslovakia, and Germany to Spain) provides the only really international medium for the exchange of news and views and the publication of original work on human relations in sex and marriage. The standing of the Journal may be gauged from its Editorial Board for the British Isles (Mr. Clifford Allen, M.D., M.R.C.S., M.R.C.P.; Mr. Ambrose E. Appiche, M.A., LL.B., Dr. Eustace Chesser, Mr. Alec Craig, Professor F. A. E. Crew, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., Dr. E. Bilkan, M.D., L.R.C.P., and Mr. Kenneth Walker, M.D., B.Ch., F.R.C.S., with Mr. Cyril Bibby, M.A., M.Sc., F.L.S. as Editor), Medical Practitioners, Lawyers, Teachers, Biologists, Social Workers, Clergymen and others interested are invited to send 6s. for a recent specimen copy, post free. Annual subscription £1 2s., post free. Apply to the British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Napier House, 24-7 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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